Vera Effigies
Tho: Midletoni Gent:

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NO { WIT / HELP } LIKE A VVOMANS.

A

COMEDY,

BY

Tho. Middleton, Gent.

LONDON:

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PROLOGUE.

HOw is't possible to suffice
So many Ears, so many Eyes?
Some in wit, some in shows
Take delight, and some in Clothes;
Some for mirth they cheifly come,
Some for passion, for both some;
Some for lascivious meetings, that's their arrant;
Some to detract, and ignorance their warrant.
How is't possible to please
Opinion tos'd in such wilde Seas!
Yet I doubt not, if Attention
Seize you above, and Apprehension
You below, to take things quickly,
We shall both make you sad, and tickle ye.

The Actors Names.

SIr *Oliver Twilight*, a rich old Knight.
Philip his Son, ſervant to Miſtreſs *Grace*.
Sandfield, friend to *Philip*, ſervant to Miſtreſs *Jane*.
Mr. *Sunſet*, true Father of Miſtreſs *Grace*.
Mr. *Low-water*, a decayed Gentleman.
Sir *Gilbert Lambſton*
Mr. *Weatherwiſe*
Mr. *Pepperton*
Mr. *Overdon*
} Suitors to the Lady *Golden-fleece*.
Mr. *Beveril*, Brother to Miſtreſs *Low-water*.
Dutch Merchant.
Dutch Boy.
Savor-wit, Sir *Oliver*'s man.
Footman.
Pickadille, Lady *Golden-fleeces* Fool.

Lady *Twilight*.
Lady *Golden fleece*, a rich Widow.
Miſtreſs *Low-water*.
Miſtreſs *Grace*, *Sunſets* Daughter, but ſuppoſed *Twilights*.
Miſtreſs *Jane*, *Twilights* Daughter, but ſuppoſed *Sunſets*.

The Scene
LONDON.

NO

NO { Wit / Help } Like a WOMANS.

Act I. Scæn I.

Enter Philip, *Sir* Oliver Twilights *Son*, *with* Savor-wit *his Fathers man.*

Phil. I Am at my wits ends *Savor-wit.*

Savorw. And I am ev'n following after you as faſt as I can Sir.

Phil. My wife will be forc'd from me; my pleaſure!

Sav. Talk no more on't Sir; how can there be any hope i'th' middle, when w'are both at our wits end in the beginning? My invention was nev'r ſo gravel'd ſince I firſt ſet out upon't.

Phil Nor does my ſtop ſtick onely in this wheel,
Though it be a main vexation, but I'm grated
In a dear abſolute Friend, yong Mr. *Sandfield.*

Sav. I there's another rub too.

Phil. Who ſuppoſes
That I make love to his affected Miſtreſs,
When 'tis my Father works againſt the peace
Of both our ſpirits, and woes unknown to me;

He ſtrikes out ſparks of undeſerved anger,
'Bwixt old Steel friendſhip, and new Stony hate:
As much forgetful of the merry hours,
The circuits of our youth hath ſpent and worn,
As if they had not been, or we not born.
Sav. See where he comes.

Enter Sandfield.

Sandf. Unmerciful in torment!
Will his diſeaſe never forſake mine eye?
Phil. It muſt be kil'd firſt, if it grow ſo painful;
Work it out ſtrongly at one time, that th'anguiſh
May never more come near thy precious ſight.
If my eternal ſleep will give thee reſt,
Cloſe up mine eyes with opening of my Breſt.
Sandf. I feel thy wrongs at midnight, and the weight
Of thy cloſe Treacheries: Thou haſt a friendſhip
As dangerous as a Strumpets, that will kiſs
Men into poverty, diſtreſs, and ruine.
And to make clear the face of thy foul deeds,
Thou work'ſt by Seconds.
Phil. Then may the ſharp point of an inward horror
Strike me to earth, and ſave thy weapon guiltleſs.
Sandf. Not in thy Father?
Phil. How much is truth abus'd, when 'tis kept ſilent!
Phil. O defend me Friendſhip!
Sav. True; your anger's in an error all this while, Sir;
But that a Lovers weapon now hears reaſon,
'Tis out ſtill like a mad mans; hear but me Sir.
'Ts my yong Maſters injury, not yours,
That you quarrel with him for; and this ſhows

As

As if y'would challenge a lame man the field,
And cut off's head, because he has lost his Legs.
His grief makes him dead flesh, as it appear'd
By offring up his Breft to you; for believe it Sir,
Had he not greater crosses of his own,
Your Hilts could not cros him——

Sandf. How?

Sav. Not your Hilts Sir.
Come I must have you friends, a pox of weapons;
There's a Whore gapes for't; put it up i'th' Scabbard.

Sandf. Thou'rt a made slave.

Sav. Come, give me both your hands,
Y'are in a Quagmire both; should I release you now,
Your wits would both come home in a stinking pickle;
Your Fathers old Nose would smell you out presently.

Phil. Tell him the Secret, which no mortal knows
But thou and I, and then he will confess
How much he wrong'd the patience of his Friend.

Sav Then thus the Marigold opens at the splendor
Of a hot constant friendship 'twixt you both:
'Tis not unknown to your ear, some ten years since,
My Mistress his good Mother, with a Daughter
About the age of six, crossing to *Jernsey*,
Was taken by the *Dunkirks*, sold both, and separated,
As the last news brings hot, the first and last
So much discover'd; for in nine years space
No certain tidings of their life or death,
Or what place held 'em, Earth, the Sea, or Heaven,
Came to the old mans ears, the Knight my Master,
Till about five moneths since, a Letter came,
Sent from the Mother, which related all
Their taking, selling, separation,

And never meeting; and withal required
Six hundred Crowns for Ranſom, which my old Maſter
No ſooner heard the ſound, but told the ſum,
Gave him the Gold, and ſent us both aboard;
We landing by the way, having a care
To lighten us of our carriage, becauſe Gold
Is ſuch a heavy mettal, eas'd our Pockets
In Wenches Aprons; Women were made to bear,
But for us Gentlemen 'tis moſt unkindly.
Sandf. Well Sir.
Phil. A pure Rogue ſtill!
Sav. Amongſt the reſt Sir
'Twas my yong Maſters chance there to dote finely
Upon a ſweet yong Gentlewoman; but one
That would not ſell her honor for the Indies,
Till a Prieſt ſtruck the bargain, and then half a crown diſpatcht it.
To be brief, Wedded her and bedded her,
Brought her home hither to his Fathers houſe;
And with a fair tale of mine own bringing up,
She paſſes for his ſiſter that was ſold.
Sandf. Let me not loſe my ſelf in wondring at thee;
But how made you your ſcore even for the Mother?
Sav. Piſh, eaſily, we told him how her Fortunes
Mockt us, as they mockt her; when we were o'th' Sea,
She was o'th' Land; and as report was given,
When we were landed, ſhe was gone to Heaven;
So he believes two lyes one error bred,
The Daughter ranſom'd, and the Mother dead.
Sandf. Let me admire thee, and withal confeſs
My injuries to friendſhip.
Phil. They're all pardon'd:
Theſe are the arms I bore againſt my friend——

Sav.

Sav. But what's all this to th'preſent? this diſcourſe
Leaves you i'th' Bogg ſtill.
Phil. On good *Savorwit.*
Sav. For yet our policy has croſt our ſelves;
For the old Knave my Maſter, little thinking her
Wife to his Son, but his own daughter ſtill,
Seeks out a match for her.
Phil. Here I feel the Surgeon
At ſecond dreſſing
Sav. And h'as entertain'd
Ev'n for pure need, for fear the Glaſs ſhould crack
That is already broken, but well ſoader'd,
A meer Sot for her Suiter, a rank Fox;
One weatherwiſe, that woes by the Almanack,
Obſerves the Full and Change; an arrant Moon-Calf.
And yet becauſe the Fool demands no portion
But the bare Down of her Smock, the old fellow
Worne to the bone with a dry courteous Itch,
To ſave his purſe, and yet beſtow his childe,
Conſents to waſte lumps of Almanack ſtuff
Kned with *May* Butter: —— Now as I have thought on't,
I'll ſpoil him in the baking.
Sandf. Prethee, as how Sirrah?
Sav. I'll give him ſuch a crack in one o'th' ſides,
He ſhall quite run out of my Maſters favor:
Phil. I ſhould but too much love thee for that——
Sav. Thus then; to help you both at once, and ſo good night to you.
After my wit has ſhipt away the fool,
As he ſhall part, I'll buz into the ear
Of my old Maſter, that you Sir, Maſter *Sandfield*,
Deerly affect his Daughter, and will take her
With little or no portion; well ſtood out in't.

Methinks

Methinks I ſee him caper at that news,
And in the full cry, Oh! This brought about
And wittily diſſembled on both parts;
You to affect his love. he to love yours;
I'll ſo beguile the Father at the marriage,
That each ſhall have his own, and both being welcom'd,
And chamber'd in one houſe; as 'tis his pride
To have his Childrens children got ſucceſſively
On his Fore-fathers Feather beds, in the day time's
To pleaſe the old mans eye-ſight, you may dally,
And ſet a kiſs on the wrong Lip, no ſin in't.
Brothers and ſiſters do't, Couſins do more:
But pray take heed you be not kin to them,
So in the night time, nothing can deceive you,
Let each know his own work, and there I leave you.

Sandf. Let me applaud thee.

Phil. Bleſt be all thy ends,
That mak'ſt arm'd enemies, embracing friends.
About it ſpeedily. *Exit.*

Sav. I need no pricking;
I'm of that mettle, ſo well pac'd, and free,
There's no good riders that uſe ſpur to me.
Oh! are you come?

Enter Grace Twilight.

Grace. Are any comforts coming?

Sav. I never go without 'em.

Grace. Thou ſport'ſt joys, that utterance cannot perfect.

Sav. Hark, are they riſen!

Grace. Yes, long before I left 'em,
And all intend to bring the Widow homeward.

Sav. Depart then Miſtreſs to avoid ſuſpect,
Our good ſhall arive time enough at your heart:

Poor

Poor fools that ever more take a green Surfet
Of the firſt-fruits of joys——Let a man but ſhake the Tree,
How ſoon they'll hold up their laps to receive comfort!
The muſick that I ſtruck, made her ſoul dance; Peace——

Enter the Lady Widow Golden-fleece *with Sir* Gilbert Lambſton, *Mr.* Pepperton, *Mr.* Overdon, *ſuiters; after them the two old men, Sir* Oliver Twilight, *and Mr.* Sunſet, *with their Daughters,* Grace Twilight, Jane Sunſet.

Here comes the Lady Widow, the late wife
To the deceas'd Sir *Avarice Golden-fleece,*
Second to none for Uſury and Extortion,
As too well it appears on a poor Gentleman,
One Mr. *Low-water*, from whoſe eſtate
He pull'd that Fleece, that makes his Widow weight;
Thoſe are her Suiters now, Sir *Gilbert Lambſton*, Mr. *Pepperton*, Mr. *Overdon.*

Wid. Nay good Sir *Oliver Twilight*, Mr. *Sunſet*, We'll trouble you no farther.

Sunſ. Sir *Oliv* No trouble ſweet Madam.

Lamb. We'll ſee the Widow at home, it ſhall be our charge that.

Wid. It ſhall be ſo indeed; Thanks good Sir *Oliver*, and to you both,
I am indebted for thoſe curteſies
That will ask me a long time to requite.

Sir *Oliver.* Ah, 'tis but your pleaſant condition to give it out ſo Madam!

Wid. Miſtreſs *Grace* and Miſtreſs *Jane*, I wiſh you both
A fair contented Fortune in your choices,

And

And that you happen right.

Both. Thanks to you good Madam:
There's more in that word *right* then you imagine.

Wid. I now repent, Girls, a raſh oath I took
When you were both Infants, to conceal a Secret.

Grace What do'ſt concern good Madam?

Wid. No, no; ſince you are both ſo well, 'tis well enough;
It muſt not be reveal'd; 'tis now no more
Then like miſtaking of one hand for t'other.
A happy time to you both.

Both. The like to you Madam.

Grace. I ſhall long much to have this Riddle open'd?

Jane. I would you were ſo kinde to my poor Kinſwoman,
And the diſtreſſed Gentleman her husband,
Poor Mr. *Low-water*, who on Ruine leans;
You keep this Secret, as you keep his means:
Thanks good Sir *Oliver Twilight*,
Welcome ſweet Mr. *Pepperton*,
Mr. *Overdon*, welcome. *Exeunt.*

Manet Sir *Oliver* with *Savorwit.*

Sir Oliv. And, goes the buſineſs well 'twixt thoſe yong lovers?

Sav. Betwixt your ſon and Mr. *Sunſet*'s daughter
The Line goes even Sir.

Sir Oliv. Good Lad, I like thee.

Sav. But Sir, there's no proportion, height, or evenneſs
Betwixt that Equinoctial and your Daughter.

Sir Oliv. 'Tis true, and I'm right glad on't.

Sav. Are you glad Sir?
There's no proportion in't.

Sir Oliv. I marry am I Sir;

I can

I can abide no word that ends in Portion;
I'll give her nothing.
Sav. Say you ſhould not Sir,
As I'll ne'r urge your worſhip 'gainſt your nature;
Is there no Gentleman think you, of worth and credit,
Will open's Bed to warm a naked Maid?
A hundred gallant fellows, and be glad
To be ſo ſet awork: Virginity
Is no ſuch cheap Ware, as you make account on,
That it had need with portion be ſet off;
For that ſets off a portion in theſe days.
Sir Oliv. Play on, ſweet Boy; O I could hear this muſick all day long,
When there's no money to be parted from! ſtrike on, good Lad.
Sav. Do not wiſe men and great, often beſtow
Ten thouſand pound in Jewels that lye by 'em?
If ſo, what Jewel can lye by a man
More pretious then a Virgin? if none more pretious,
Why ſhould the Pillow of a fool be grac'd
With that brave Spirits with dearneſs have imbrac'd?
And then perhaps ere the third Spring come on,
Sends home your Diamond crack't, the beauty gone.
And more to know her, 'cauſe you ſhall not doubt her,
A number of poor Sparks twinckling about her:
Sir Oliv. Now thou play'ſt *Dowlands Lachrymæ* to thy Maſter.
Sav. But ſhall I dry your eyes with a merry Jigg now,
And make you look like Sun-ſhine in a ſhowre?
Sir Oliv. How, how, my honeſt Boy, ſweet *Savorwit*!
Sav. Yong Mr. *Sandfield*, gallant Mr. *Sandfield*,

Sir

Sir Oliv. Ha! what of him?

Sav. Affects your daughter ſtrangely.

Sir Oliv. Brave Mr. *Sandfield!* let me hug thy zeal
Unto thy Maſters houſe; Hah Mr. *Sandfield!*
But he'l expect a portion.

Sav. Not a whit Sir,
As you may uſe the matter.

Sir Oliver. Nay, and the matter fall into my uſing
The Devil a penny that he gets of me.

Sav. He lyes at the mercy of your Lock and Key Sir; you may uſe him as you liſt.

Sir Oliv. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is he ſo far in doing?

Sav. Quite over head and ears Sir; nay more, he means to run mad, and break his Neck off ſome high Steeple, if he have her not.

Sir Oliv. Now bleſs the yong Gentlemans Griſtles; I hope to be a Grand-father yet by 'em.

Sav. That may you Sir, to marry a chopping Girl with a plump Buttock,
Will hoiſt a Fartingal at five years old,
And call a man between eleven and twelve
To take part of a peece of Mutton with her.

Sir Oliv. Ha pretious Wag! hook him in finely, do.

Sav. Make clear the way for him firſt, ſet the Gull going.

Sir Oliv. An Aſs, an Aſs, I'll quickly daſh his wooing.

Sav. Why now the clocks go right again; it muſt be a ſtrange wit
That makes the wheels of youth and age ſo hit;
The one are dry, worn, ruſty, fur'd, and ſoil'd;
Loves wheels are glib, ever kept clean, and oyl'd.

Exit.

Sir

Sir Oliv. I cannot chuſe but think of this good Fortune,
That gallant Mr. *Sandfield* !

Enter Weather-wiſe.

Weath. Stay, ſtay, ſtay !
What comfort gives my Almanack to day ?
Luck I beſeech thee, good days, evil days, *June*, *July* ;
Speak a good word for me now, and I have her; let me ſee, the fifth day 'twixt Hawk and Buzzard ; the ſixth day backward and forward ; that was beaſtly to me, I remember ; the ſeventh day on a ſlippery pin ; the eight day fire and towe ; the nineth day, the Market is mar'd, that's long of the Huckſters I warrant you ; but now the tenth day, luck I beſeech thee now, before I look into't ; the eleventh day, againſt the hair ; a Pox on't, would that hair had been left out ; againſt the hair ! that hair will go nigh to choak me ; had it been againſt any thing but that, 'twould not have troubled me, becauſe it lyes croſs i'th' way. Well, I'll try the fortune of a good face yet, though my Almanack leave me i'th' Sands.

Sir Oliv. Such a match too, I could not wiſh a better !

Weath. Maſs, here he walks ! Save you ſweet Sir *Oliver*, — Sir *Oliver Twilight*.

Sir Oliv. Oh pray come to me a quarter of a year hence ; I have a little buſineſs now.

Weath. How a quarter of a year hence ? what ſhall I come to you in *September* ?

Sir Oliv. Nor in *November* neither, good my Friend.

Weath. Y'are not a mad Knight ; you will not let your daughter hang paſt *Auguſt*, will you ? ſhe'll drop down under Tree then : She's no Winter fruit I aſſure

I assure you, if you think to put her in crust after Christmas?

Sir Oliv. Sir, in a word, depart; my Girl's not for you,
I gave you a drowsie promise in a dream,
But broad awake now, I call't in again.
Have me commended to your wit, farewel Sir.

Weath. Now the Devil run away with you, and some louzy Fidler with your daughter: May Clarkenwell have the first cut of her, and Hounds-ditch pick the Bones. I'll never leave the love of an open hearted Widow, for a narrow-ey'd Maid again; go out of the road way like an Ass, to leap over Hedge and Ditch; I'll fall into the beaten path again, and invite the Widow home to a Banquet; let who list seek out new ways, I'll be at my journeys end before him;
My Almanack told me true, how I should fare,
Let no man think to speed against the hair. *Exit.*

Enter Mistress Low-water.

Mrs Low. Is there no Saving-means? no help Religious
For a distressed Gentlewoman to live by?
Has Virtue no Revenue? who has all then?
Is the worlds lease from Hell, the Devils Head-landlord?
Oh how was Conscience the right Heir put by?
Law would not do such an unrighteous deed,
Though with the fall of Angels t'had been feed.
Where are our hopes in banks? was honesty
A yonger sister, without portion left,
No dowry in the Chamber, beside wantonness?
O miserable Orphan! 'twixt two extreams runs there no blessed Mean,
No comfortable strain that I may kiss it?

Must

Muſt I to whoredom, or to beggery lean,
My minde being ſound? is there no way to miſs it?
Is't not injuſtice, that a Widow laughs
And lays her mourning part upon a wife?
That ſhe ſhould have the garment, I the heart;
My wealth her Uncle left her, and me her grief.
Yet ſtood all miſeries in their loathed'ſt forms
On this hand of me, thick like a fowl miſt,
And here the bright enticements of the world,
In cleareſt colours, flattery, and advancement,
And all the baſtard-glories this frame jets in
Horror, nor ſplendor, ſhadows fair nor fowl
Should force me ſhame my husband, wound my ſoul.

Enter Miſtreſs Jane, Sunſets *Daughter.*

Couzen, y're welcome; this is kindly done of you
To viſit the deſpis'd:
Jane. I hope not ſo Couze,
The want of means cannot make you deſpis'd;
Love, not by wealth, but by deſert is priz'd.
Mrs Low. Y'are pleas'd to help it well Couze.
Jane. I am come to you,
Beſide my viſitation, to requeſt you
To lay your wit to mine, which is but ſimple,
And help me to untie a few dark words
Made up in knots, they're of the Widows knitting,
That ties all ſure; for my wit has not ſtrength
Nor cunning to unlooſe 'em.
Mrs Low. Good! what are they?
Though there be little comfort of my help.
Jane. She wiſh'd Sir *Olivers* daughter and my ſelf
Good fortune in our choices, and repented her
Of a raſh oath ſhe took when we were both Infants,
A ſecret to conceal; but ſince all's well,
She holds it beſt to keep it unreveal'd.

Now what this is, Heaven knows.

Mrs Low. Nor can I gueſs
The courſe of her whole life, and her dead husbands,
Was ever full of ſuch diſhoneſt riddles,
To keep right heirs from knowledge of their own:
And now I'm put i'th' minde on't, I believe
It was ſome price of Land or money given
By ſome departing friend upon their death-bed,
Perhaps to your ſelf; and Sir *Olivers* daughter
May wrongfully enjoy it, and ſhe hired
(For ſhe was but an hireling in thoſe days)
To keep the injury ſecret.

Jane. The moſt likelieſt
That ever you could think on.

Mrs Low. Is it not?

Jane. Sure Couze, I think you have untied the knot:
My thoughts lie at more eaſe, as in all other things,
In this I thank your help, and may you live
To conquer your own troubles, and croſs ends,
As your are ready to ſupply your friends.

Mrs Low. I thank you for the kinde truth of your heart,
In which I flouriſh when all means depart:
Sure in that oath of hers there ſleeps ſome wrong
Done to my Kinſwoman.

Enter Footman.

Jane. Who'ld you ſpeak withal?

Footm The Gentlewoman of this houſe, forſooth.

Jane Whoſe Footman are you?

Footm. One Sir *Gilbert Lambſtons* ——.

Jane. Sir *Gilbert Lambſtons* —— there my Couſin walks.

Footm. Thank your good worſhip.

Mrs Low.

Mrs Low. How now, whence are you?

Footm. This Letter will make known.

Mrs Low. Whence comes it Sir?

Footm. From the Knight my Maſter, Sir *Gilbert Lambſton.*

Mrs Low. Return't, I'll receive none on't.

Footm. There it muſt lie then; I were as good run to *Tyburn* afoot, and hang my ſelf at mine own charges, as carry it back again. *Exit.*

Mrs Low. Life, had he not his anſwer? What ſtrange impudence
Governs in man, when Luſt is Lord of him?
Thinks he me mad? cauſe I have no monies on Earth;
That I'll go forfeit my eſtate in Heaven,
And live eternal Beggar? he ſhall pardon me,
That's my ſouls joynture, I'll ſtarve ere I ſell that.
Oh is he gone, and left the Letter here!
Yet I will read it, more to hate the writer.

Miſtreſs *Low-water.*

IF you deſire to underſtand your own comfort, hear me out, ere you refuſe me; I'm in the way now to double the yearly means that firſt I offered you, and to ſtir you more to me, I'll empty your enemies Bags to maintain you; for the rich Widow, the Lady Golden-fleece, *to whom I have been a longer Suiter, then you a longer adverſary, hath given me ſo much encouragement lately; inſomuch that I am perfectly aſſured, the next meeting ſtrikes the bargain: The happineſs that follows this, 'twere idle to inform you of, onely conſent to my deſires; and the Widows Notch ſhall lie open to you. This much to your heart, I know y're wiſe, farewel.*

Thy Friend to his power,
and anothers

Gilbert Lambſton.

In this poor Brief, what Volumes has he thruſt,
Of treacherous Purjury, and adulterous Luſt!
So foul a Monſter does this wrong appear,
That I give pitty to mine enemy here
What a moſt fearful love raigns in ſome hearts,
That dare oppoſe all Judgment to get means,
And wed rich Widows, onely to keep Queans;
What a ſtrange path he takes to my affection,
And thinks't the near'ſt way; 'twill never be;
Goes through mine enemies ground to come to me.
This Letter is moſt welcome; I repent now,
That my laſt anger threw thee at my feet,
My boſom ſhall receive thee.

Enter Sir Gilbert Lambſton.

Lambſt 'Tis good policy too,
To keep one that ſo mortally hates the Widow;
She'll have more care to keep it cloſe her ſelf,
And look what wind her revenge goes withal,
The ſelf-ſame gale whisks up the ſails of love;
I ſhall loſe much good ſport by that: Now my ſweet Miſtreſs.

Mrs Low. Sir *Gilbert!* you change Suiters oft,
You were here in black but lately.

Lambſt My minde ne'r ſhifts though.

Mrs Low. A foul mind the whil'ſt:
But ſure Sir, this is but a diſſembling Glaſs
You ſent before you; 'tis not poſſible
Your heart ſhould follow your hand.

Lambſt. Then may both periſh.

Mrs Lambſt. Do not wiſh that ſo ſoon Sir; Can you make
A three moneths love to a rich Widows Bed,
And lay her pillow under a Queans head?
I know you can't, how ere you may diſſemble't;

You

You have a heart brought up better.
Lambſt. Faith you wrong me in't,
You ſhall not finde it ſo; I do proteſt to thee,
I will be Lord of all my promiſes,
And er't be long, thou ſhalt but turn a key,
And finde 'em in thy coffer; for my love
In matching with the Widow, is but policy
To ſtrengthen my eſtate, and make me able
To ſet off all thy kiſſes with rewards,
That the worſt weather our delights behold,
It may hail Pearl, and ſhowre the Widows Gold.
Mrs Low. You talk of a brave world Sir.
Lambſt. 'Twill ſeem better
When golden happineſs breaks forth it ſelf
Out of the vaſt part of the Widows Chamber.
Mrs Low. And here it ſets.
Lambſt. Here ſhall the downfal be,
Her wealth ſhall riſe from her, and ſet in thee.
Mrs Low. You men have th'art to overcome poor women.
Pray give my thoughts the freedom of one day,
And all the reſt take you.
Lambſt. I ſtraight obey; this Bird's my own.
Exit Sir Gilbert Lambſton.
Mrs Low. There is no happineſs but has her ſeaſon,
Herein the brightneſs of her vertue ſhines,
The huſk falls off in time that long ſhuts up
The fruit in a dark priſon; ſo ſweeps by
The cloud of miſeries from wretches eyes,
That yet, though faln, at length they ſee to riſe,
The ſecret powers work wondrouſly, and duly.

Enter Master Low-water.

Mr Low. Why how now *Kate?*
Mrs Low. Oh are you come Sir? Husband,
Wake, wake, and let not patience keep thee poor,
Rouze up thy ſpirit from this falling ſlumber;
Make thy diſtreſs ſeem but a weeping dream,
And this the opening morning of thy comforts,
Wipe the Salt dew off from thy careful eyes,
And drink a draught of gladneſs next thy heart,
T'expel the infection of all poyſonous ſorrows.
Mr Low. You turn me paſt my ſences.
Mrs Low. Will you but ſecond
The purpoſe I intend, I'll be firſt forward;
I crave no more of thee but a following ſpirit;
Will you but grant me that?
Mr Low. Why, what's the buſineſs
That ſhould tranſport thee thus!
Mrs Low. Hope of much good, no fear of the leaſt ill;
Take that to comfort thee.
Mr Low. Yea?
Mrs Low. Sleep not on't, this is no ſlumbering buſineſs,
'Tis like the ſweating ſickneſs; I muſt keep
Your eyes ſtill wake, y're gone if once you ſleep.
Mr Low. I will not reſt then, till thou haſt thy wiſhes.
Mrs Low. Peruſe this love paper as you go.
Mr Low. A Letter? *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Sir Oliver Twilight, *with Mr* Sandfield, Philip, *and* Savorwit.

Sir Oliv. Good Mr *Sandfield*, for the great affection
You bear toward my Girl, I am well pleas'd
You ſhould enjoy her Beauty; Heaven forbid Sir,
That I ſhould caſt away a proper Gentleman,
So far in love with a ſowre mood, or ſo.
No, no, I'll not die guilty of a Lovers Neck-cracking.
Marry; as for portion, there I leave you Sir
To the mercy of your deſtiny again,
I'll have no hand in that.
Sandf. Faith ſomething Sir;
Be't but t'expreſs your love.
Sir Oliv. I have no deſire Sir
To expreſs my love that way, and ſo reſt ſatisfied;
I pray take heed in urging that too much
You draw not my love from me.
Sandf. Fates foreſee Sir.
Sir Oliv. Faith then you may go, ſeek out a high Steeple,
Or a deep water, there's no ſaving of you.
Sav: How naturally he plays upon himſelf!
Sir Oliv. Marry if a wedding dinner, as I told you,
And three years board, well lodg'd in mine houſe,
And eating, drinking, and a ſleeping portion
May give you ſatisfaction, I am your man Sir,
Seek out no other.
Sandf. I am content to embrace it Sir,
Rather then hazard languiſhment, or ruine.
Sir Oliv. I love thee for thy wiſdom; ſuch a Son in law

Will chear a Fathers heart. Welcome ſweet Maſter *Sandfield*,
Whether away boys, *Philip*?

Enter Philip.

Phil. To viſit my Love Sir,
Old Mr. *Sunſets* Daughter.
Sir Oliv. That's my *Philip*,
Ply't hard, my good boys both, put 'em to't finely.
One day, one dinner, and one houſe ſhall joyn you.
Both. That's our deſire Sir. *Exeunt.*
Sir Oliv. Piſh; come hither *Savorwit*.
Obſerve my ſon, and bring me word, ſweet boy,
Whether h'as a ſpeeding wit or no in wooing.
Sav. That will I Sir; ——that your own eyes might tell you,
I think it ſpeedy, your Girl has a round belly.
Exit Savorwit.
Sir Oliv. How ſoon the comfortable ſhine of joy
Breaks through a cloud of grief!
The tears that I let fall for my dead wife,
Are dried up with the beams of my Girls fortunes.
Her life, her death, and her ten years diſtreſs,
Are ev'n forgot with me; the love and care
That I ought her, her daughter ſhows it all;
I' can but be beſtow'd, and there 'tis well.

Enter Servant.

Sir Oliv. How now, what news?
Serv. There's a Dutch Merchant Sir, that's now come over,
Deſires ſome conference with you.
Sir Oliv. How, a Dutch Merchant?
Pray ſend him into me, ——what news with him tro?

Enter

Enter Dutch Merchant, with a little Dutch Boy in Great ſlops.

Dutch Merch. Sir *Oliver Twilight!*
Sir Oliv. That's my name indeed Sir,
I pray be covered Sir, y'are very welcome.
Dutch M. This is my buſineſs Sir; I took into my charge
A few words to deliver to your ſelf
From a dear friend of yours, that wonders ſtrangely
At your unkinde neglect.
Sir Oliv. Indeed? what might he be Sir.
Dutch M. Nay, y'are i'th' wrong gender now, —'Tis that diſtreſſed Lady, your good wife Sir.
Sir Oliv. What ſay you Sir, my wife?
Dutch M. Yes Sir, your wife!
This ſtrangeneſs now of yours ſeems more to harden
Th'uncharitable neglect ſhe tax't you for.
Sir Oliv. Pray give me leave Sir, is my wife alive?
Dutch M. Came any news to you Sir, to th'contrary?
Sir Oliv. Yes by my faith did there.
Dutch M. Pray how long ſince Sir?
Sir Oliv. 'Tis now ſome ten weeks.
Dutch M. Faith within this moneth Sir,
I ſaw her talk and eat; and thoſe in our Kalender
Are ſigns of life and health.
Sir Oliv. Maſs ſo they are in ours.
Dutch M. And theſe were the laſt words her paſſion threw me.
No grief, quoth ſhe, ſits to my heart ſo cloſe
As his unkindneſs, and my daughters loſs.

Sir

Sir Oliv. You make me weep, and wonder, for I ſwear
I ſent her ranſome, and that daughter's here.
Dutch M. Here! that will come well to lighten her of one grief.
I long to ſee her for the pitious moan
Her Mother made for her.
Sir Oliv. That ſhall you Sir.——Within there!
Serv. Sir.
Sir Oliv. Call down my daughter.
Serv. Yes Sir.
Sir Oliv. Here's ſtrange budgelling; I tell you Sir,
Thoſe that I put in truſt, were neer me too,
A man would think they ſhould not juggle with me;
My own ſon, and my ſervant, no worſe people Sir.
Dutch M. And yet oft-times Sir, what worſe Knave to a man
Then he that eats his meat?
Sir Oliv. Troth you ſay true Sir;
I ſent 'em ſimply, and that news they brought,
My wife had left the world, and with that Son
I ſent to her, this brought his ſiſter home:
Look you Sir, this is ſhe.

Enter Grace.

Dutch M. If my eye ſin not Sir,
Or miſty error falſifie the glaſs,
I ſaw that face at *Antwerp* in an Inn
When I ſet forth firſt to fetch home this boy.
Sir Oliv. How, in an Inn?
Grace. Oh I am betray'd I fear.
Dutch M. How do you yong Miſtreſs?
Grace. Your eyes wrong your tongue Sir,
And makes you ſin in both; I am not ſhe.

Dutch M.

Dutch M. No? then I never ſaw face twice, Si *Olive Twilight*
I tell you my free thoughts, I fear y'are blinded;
I do not like this ſtory; I doubt much
The ſiſter is as falſe as the dead mother:
Sir Oliv. Ye! ſay you ſo Sir? I ſee nothing lets me, but to doubt ſo too then:
So, to your Chamber, we have done with you.
Grace. I would be glad you had; here's a ſtrange ſtorm.
Sift it out well Sir; till anon I leave you Sir.
Dutch M. Buſineſs commands me hence, but as a pledge
Of my return, I'll leave my little ſon with you,
Who yet takes little pleaſure in this Country,
Cauſe he can ſpeak no Engliſh, all Dutch he.
Sir Oliv. A fine boy, he's welcome Sir to me.
Dutch M. Where's your leg, and your thanks to the Gentleman.
Dutch Boy. War es you neighgen an you thonkes you. Ick donck you, ver ew Edermon vrendly Kite.
Sir Oliv. What ſays he Sir?
Dutch M. He thanks you for your kindneſs.
Sir Oliv. Pretty Knave!
Dutch M. Had not ſome buſineſs held me by the way,
This news had come to your ear ten days ago.
Sir Oliv. It comes too ſoon now me thinks; I'm your debtor.
Dutch M. But I could wiſh it Sir for better ware:
Exit.
Sir Oliv: We muſt not be our own chuſers in our fortunes:
Here's a cold Pye to breakfaſt: Wife alive,
The daughter doubtful, and the money ſpent!
How am I juggled withal?

Enter

Enter Savorwit.

Sav It hits y'faith Sir,
The work goes even.
Sir Oliv. Oh come, come, come, are you come Sir!
Sav. Life, what's the matter now?
Sir Oliv. There's a new reckoning come in since.
Sav. Pox on't, I thought all had been paid, I can't abide these after-reckonings.
Sir Oliv. I pray come near Sir, let's be acquainted with you,
Your bold enough abroad with my purse Sir.
Sav. No more then beseems manners and good use Sir:
Sir Oliv. Did not you bring me word some ten weeks since,
My wife was dead?
Sav. Yes, true Sir, very true Sir.
Sir Oliv. Pray stay, and take my horse along with you,
And with the ransome that I sent for her
That you redeem'd my daughter.
Sav. Right as can be Sir,
I never found your worship in a false tale yet.
Sir Oliv. I thank you for your good word Sir; but I'm like
To finde your worship now in two at once:
Sav. I should be sorry to hear that:
Sir Oliv. I believe you Sir,
Within this moneth my wife was sure alive.
There's six weeks bated of your ten weeks lye,
As has been credibly reported to me
By a Dutch Merchant, Father to that boy
But now come over, and the words scarce cold.

Sav,

Sav. O ſtrange! —— 'tis a moſt rank untruth; where is he Sir?

Sir Oliv. He will not be long abſent.

Sav. All's confounded.
If he were here, I'll tell him to his face Sir,
He wears a double tongue; that's Dutch and Engliſh--
Will the Boy ſay't?

Sir Oliv. 'Laſs he can ſpeak no Engliſh.

Sav. All the better, I'll gabble ſomething to him. *Hoyſte Kaloiſte, Kalooskin te you, dar ſune, Alla Gaskin?*

Dutch Boy. Ick wet neat watt hey zackt, Ick unverſton ewe neat.

Sav. Why la, I thought as much!

Sir Oliv. What ſays the Boy?

Sav. He ſays his Father is troubled with an imperfection at one time of the Moon, and talks like a Madman.

Sir Oliv. What does the Boy ſay ſo?

Sav. I knew there was ſomewhat in't;
Your wife alive! Will you believe all tales Sir?'

Sir Oliv. Nay more Sir, he told me, he ſaw this wench
Which you brought home, at *Antwerp* in an Inn;
Tell me, I'm plainly couzen'd of all hands,
'Tis not my daughter neither.

Sav. All's broke out.
How? not your daughter Sir? I muſt to't again. *Quiſquinikin Sadlamare, alla piſſe kickin Sows-clows, Hoff Tofte le cumber ſhaw, bouns bus boxſceeno.*

Dutch Boy. Ick an ſawth no int hein clappon de heeke, I dinke ute zein zennon.

Sav. Oh *zein zennon!* Ah ha, I thought how 'twould prove i'th' end; the Boy ſays they never came near *Antwerp*, a quite contrary way, round about by *Parma*.

Sir

Sir Oliv. What's the ſame *zein zennon?*

Sav. That is, he ſaw no ſuch wench in an Inn; 'tis well I came in ſuch happy time to get it out of the Boy before his Father returned again; pray be wary Sir; the world's ſubtle, come and pretend a charitable buſineſs in policy, and work out a peice of money on you.

Sir Oliv. Maſs, art adviſ'd of that?

Sav. The Age is cunning Sir, beſide a Dutchman will live upon any ground, and work Butter out of a Thiſtle.

Sir Oliv. Troth thou ſay'ſt true in that, they're the beſt thrivers
In Turnips, Hartichalks, and Cabiſhes:
Our Engliſh are not like them.

Sav. O fy, no Sir!

Sir Oliv. Ask him from whence they came, when they came hither.

Sav. That I will Sir, —*Cullnaron lagooſo, lageen, lagan, rufft, punkatee.*

Dutch Boy. Nimd aweigh de cack.

Sav. What, what, I cannot blame him then?

Sir Oliv. What ſays he to thee?

Sav. The poor Boy bluſhes for him; he tells me his Father came from making merry with certain of his Countrymen, and he's a little ſteep'd in Engliſh Beer; there's no heed to be taken of his tongue now.

Sir Oliv. Hoyda! how com'ſt thou by all this, I heard him ſpeak but three words to thee?

Sav. O Sir, the Dutch is a very wide Language; you ſhall have ten Engliſh words even for one; as for example, *Gullder-gooſe*, there's a word for you Maſter.

Sir Oliv. Why what's that ſame *Gullder-gooſe?*

Sav How do you and all your generation—

Sir

Sir Oliv. Why 'tis impoſſible? how prove you that Sir?

Sav. 'Tis thus diſtinguiſht; Sir, *Gull*, how do you? *Der*, and; *Gooſe*, your generation.

Sir Oliv. 'Tis a moſt ſaucy Language, how cam'ſt thou by't?

Sav. I was brought up to *London* in an Eelſhip;
There was the place I caught it firſt by th'tale:
I ſhall be tript anon; Pox, would I were gone.
I'll go ſeek out your ſon Sir, you ſhall hear
What thunder he'll bring with him.

Sir Oliv. Do, do *Savorwit*,
I'll have you all face to face.

Sav. Cuds me, what elſe Sir?
And you take me ſo near the net again,
I'll give you leave to ſquat me; I have ſcap'd fairly.
We are undone in Dutch; all our three moneths roguery
Is now come over in a Butter Firkin. *Exit* Savorwit.

Sir Oliv. Never was man ſo toſt between two tales!
I know not which to take, not which to truſt;
The Boy here is the likelieſt to tell truth,
Becauſe the worlds corruption is not yet
At full years in him; ſure he cannot know
What deceit means, 'tis Engliſh yet to him.
And when I think again, why ſhould the Father
Diſſemble for no profit? he gets none,
What ere he hopes for, and I think he hopes not.
The man's in a good caſe, being old and weary,
He dares not lean his arm on his ſons ſhoulder,
For fear he lie i'th' dirt, but muſt be rather
Beholding to a ſtranger for his prop.

Enter

Enter Dutchman.

Dutch M. I make bold once again Sir for a Boy here.

Sir Oliv. O Sir y're welcome, pray resolve me one thing Sir:
Did you within this moneth, with your own eyes,
See my wife living?

Dutch M. I nev'r borrowed any.
Why should you move that question Sir? dissembling
Is no part of my living.

Sir Oliv. I have reason
To urge it so far Sir (pray be not angry though)
Because my man was here since your departure,
Withstands all stiffly, and to make it clearer,
Question'd your Boy in Dutch; who as he told me,
Return'd this answer first to him: That you
Had imperfection at one time o'th' Moon,
Which made you talk so strangely.

Dutch M. How, how's this! *Zeicke yongon, ick ben ick quelt medien dullek heght, ee untoit van the mon, an koot uram'd.*

Dutch Boy. Wee ek, heigh lieght in ze Bokkas, dee't site.

Dutch M. Why la you Sir? here's no such thing,
He says he lies in's throat that says it.

Sir Oliv. Then the Rogue lies in's throat, for he told me so,
And that the boy should answer at next question,
That you ne'r saw this wench, nor came near *Antwerp.*

Dutch M. Ten thousand Devils! *Zeicke hee ewe ek kneeght, yongon, dat wee neeky by Antwarpon ne don cammen no seene de doughter Dor.*

Dutch Boy. Ick hub ham hean sulka dongon he zaut, hei es an skallom an rubbout?

Dutch

Dutch M. He ſays he told him no ſuch matter, he's a Knave and a Raſcal.

Sir Oliv. Why, how am I abus'd? Pray tell me one thing,
What's *Gulldergooſe* in Dutch?

Dutch M. How *Gulldergooſe*! there's no ſuch thing in Dutch, it may be an Aſs in Engliſh.

Sir Oliv. Hoyda! then am I that Aſs in plain Engliſh; I am groſly couzen'd, moſt inconſiderately.
Pray let my houſe receive you for one night,
That I may quit theſe Raſcals, I beſeech you Sir.

Dutch M. If that may ſtead you Sir, I'll not refuſe you.

Sir Oliv. A thouſand thanks, and welcome:
On whom can Fortune more ſpit out her foam,
Work'd on abroad, and plai'd upon at home? *Exeunt.*

Act 2. Scæn 1.

Enter Weatherwiſe *the Gull, meeting two or three bringing out a Table.*

Weath. SO, ſet the Table ready, the Widow's i'th' next room, looking upon my Clock with the days and the moneths, and the change of the Moon: I'll fetch her in preſently.

Clown. She's not ſo mad to be fetcht in with the Moon, I warrant you: A man muſt go roundlier to work with a Widow, then to woo her with the Hand of a Dial, or ſtir up her Blood with the ſtriking part of a clock, I ſhould ne'r ſtand to ſhow her ſuch things in Chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter Weatherwiſe *with the Widow*, *Sir* Gilbert Lambſton, *Mr.* Pepperton, *Mr.* Overdon.

Weath. Welcome ſweet Widow to a Batchelors houſe here, a ſingle man; I, but for two or three Maids that I keep.

Wid. Why are you double with them then?

Weath. An exceeding good mourning wit; Women are wiſer then ever they were, ſince they wore Doublets. —You muſt think ſweet Widow, if a man keep Maids, they're under his ſubjection.

Wid. That's moſt true Sir.

Weath. They have no reaſon to have a Lock, but the Maſter muſt have a Key to't.

Wid. To him Sir *Gilbert*, he fights with me at a wrong weapon now.

Weath. Nay, and Sir *Gilbert* ſtrike, my weapon falls,

I fear no thruſt but his; here are more ſhooters,
But they have ſhot two Arrows without heads,
They cannot ſtick i'th' Butt yet; hold out Knight,
And I'll cleave the black pin in 'th' midſt o'th' white.] *Exit.*

Wid. Nay, and he led me into a Cloſet Sir, where he ſhew'd me dyet-drinks for ſeveral moneths, as Scurvigraſs for *April*, Clarified Whey for *June*, and the like

Lambſt. O Madam, he is a moſt neceſſary property—— An't be but to ſave our credit, ten pound in a Banquet.

Wid. Go! y're a wag Sir *Gilbert*.

Lambſt. How many there be in the world of his Fortunes, that prick their own Calves with Bryers, to make an eaſie paſſage for others; or like a toiling Uſurer,

Uſurer, ſets his ſon a horſ-back in Cloth of Gold-breeches, while he himſelf goes t'ch' Devil a foot in a pair of old Stroſſers.
But ſhall I give a more familiar ſign?
His are the Sweet-meats, but the kiſſes mine.

Overd. Excellent! a pox a' your Fortune.

Peppert. Saucy courting has brought all modeſt wooing clean out of faſhion: You ſhall have few Maids nowadays got without rough handling; all the Towns ſo us'd to't, and moſt commonly too they're joyn'd before they're married; becauſe they'll be ſure to be faſt enough.

Overd. Sir, ſince he ſtrives t'oppoſe himſelf againſt us,
Let's ſo combine our friendſhips in our ſtraits,
By all means graceful to aſſiſt each other;
For I proteſt it ſhall as much glad me
To ſee your happineſs, and his diſgrace,
As if the wealth were mine, the love, the place.

Peppert. And with the like faith I reward your friendſhip;
I'll break the baudy ranks of his diſcourſe,
And ſcatter his libidinous whiſpers ſtreight, Madam!

Wid. How cheer you Gentlemen?

Lambſt. Pox on 'em,
They wak'd me out of a fine ſleep, three minutes
Had faſtned all the treaſure in mine arms.

Peppert. You took no note of this conceit, it ſeems, Madam.

Wid. Twelve Trenchers, upon every one a moneth, *January, February, March, April*——

Peppert. I, and their Poeſies under 'em.

Wid. Pray what ſays *May*? ſhe's the Spring Lady:
Now gallant May *in her array,*
Doth make the field pleaſant and gay.

Overd. This moneth of *June* uſe clarified Whey, Boil'd with cold herbs, and drink alway.

Wid. Drink't all away, he ſhould ſay?

Peppert. 'Twere much better indeed, and wholeſomer for his Liver.

Lambſt. *September*'s a good one here Madam——

Wid. Oh have you choſe your moneth, let's hear't Sir *Gilbert*!

Lambſt. *Now may'ſt thou Phyſicks ſafely take,*
And bleed, and bathe for thy healths ſake.
Eat Figs and Grapes, and ſpicery,
For to refreſh thy Members dry.

Wid. Thus it is ſtill, when a mans ſimple meaning lights among wantons; how many honeſt words have ſuffered corruption, ſince *Chaucers* days? A Virgin would ſpeak thoſe words then, that a very Midwife would bluſh to hear now, if ſhe have but ſo much blood left to make up an ounce of grace. And who is this long on, but ſuch wags as you, that uſe your words like your wenches? you cannot let 'em paſs honeſtly by you, but you muſt ſtill have a flirt at 'em.

Peppert. You have paid ſome of us home, Madam.

Enter Weatherwiſe.

Weath. If conceit will ſtrike this ſtroke, have at the Widows Plumb-tree; I'll put 'em down all for a Banquet. Widow and Gentlemen, my Friends and Servants, I make you wait long here for a Batchelors pittance.

Wid. O Sir, y'are pleas'd to be modeſt.

Weath. No by my troth, Widow, you ſhall finde it otherwiſe. *Strike Muſick.*

Enter

Enter Banquet, and six of his Tenants with the Twelve Signs, made like Banquetting-stuff.

Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricorn, Aquarius, and *Pisces.*

Wid. What the Twelve Signs!
Weath. These are the Signs of my love, Widow.
Wid. Worse meat would have serv'd us Sir; by my Faith
I'm sorry you should be at such charges Sir,
To feast us a whole moneth together here.
Weath. Widow, thou'rt welcome a whole moneth, and ever.
Wid. And what be those Sir that brought in the Banquet?
Weath. Those are my Tenants, they stand for Fasting days.
Lambst. Or the six weeks in *Lent.*
Weath. Y're i'th' right Sir *Gilbert.*
Sweet Widow take your place at *Aries* here,
That's the head Sign——, a Widow is the head
Till she be married.
Wid. What is she then?
Weath. The middle.
Wid. 'Tis happy she's no worse.
Weath. Taurus, Sir *Gilbert Lambston* that's for you;
They say you're a good Town-Bull.
Lambst. O spare your friends Sir,
Weath. And *Gemini* for Master *Pepperton,*
He had two boys at once by his last wife.
Peppert. I hear the Widow finde no fault with that Sir.
Weath. Cancer the Crab for Master *Overdon*;

For when a thing's paſt fifty, it grows crooked.

Wid. Now for your ſelf Sir.

Weath. Take no care for me Widow,
I can be any where; here's *Leo*, heart and back, *Virgo*, guts and belly; I can go lower yet, and yet fare better, ſence *Sagittarius* fits me the thighs; I care not if I be about the thighs, I ſhall finde meat enough

Wid. But under pardon Sir,
Though you be Lord o'th' Feaſt, and the conceit both,
Methinks it had been proper for the Banquet
To have had the Signs all fil'd, and no one idle.

Weath. I know it had; but whoſe fault's that Widow? you ſhould have got you more Suitors to have ſtopt the gaps.

Wid. Nay ſure, they ſhould get us, and not we them;
There be your Tenants Sir; we are not proud,
You may bid them ſit down.

Weath. By th'maſs it's true too,
Then ſit down Tenants once with your hats on, but ſpare the meat, I charge you, as you hope for new Leaſes; I muſt make my Signs draw out a moneth yet, with a bit every morning to break-faſt, and at Full Moon with a whole one; that's reſtorative; ſit round, ſit round, and do not ſpeak ſweet Tenants, you may be bold enough, ſo you eat but little; how like you this now Widow?

Wid. It ſhows well Sir,
And like the good old Hoſpitable faſhion.

Clow. How! like a good old Hoſpital; my Miſtreſ. makes an arrant gull on him.

Wid. But yet methinks there wants cloaths for the feet.

Weath. That part's uncovered yet, —— puſh no

no matter for the feet.

Wid. Yes, if the feet catch cold, the head will feel it.

Weath. Why then you may draw up your legs, and lie rounder together.

Lambst. H'as answered you well Madam.

Weath. And you draw up your legs too, Widow, my Tenant will feel you there, for he's one of the Calves.

Wid. Better and better Sir, your wit fattens as he feeds.

Clow. Sh'as took the Calf from his Tenant, and put it upon his ground now.

Enter Mistress Low-water *as a gallant Gentleman, her Husband like a Serving-man after her.*

Weath. How now my Ladies man, what's the news Sir!

Serv. Madam, there's a yong Gentleman below, H'as earnest business to your Ladiship

Weath. Another Suiter I hold my life, Widow.

Wid. What is he Sir?

Serv. He seems a Gentleman,
That's the least of him, and yet more I know not.

Wid. Under the leave o'th' Master of the house here,
I would he were admitted.

Weath. With all my heart, Widow, I fear him not,
Come Cut and Long tail.

Lambst. I have the least fear,
And the most firmness, nothing can shake me.

Weath. If he be a Gentleman, he's welcome; there's a Sign does nothing, and that's fit for a Gentleman; the feet will be kept warm enough, now for you

you Widow; for if he be a right Gentleman, he has his ſtockins warm'd, and he wears ſocks beſide; partly for warmth, partly for cleanlineſs; and if he obſerve Fridays too, he comes excellent well. *Piſces* will be a fine Fiſh dinner for him.

Wid. Why then you mean Sir, he ſhall ſit as he comes.

Weath. I, and he were a Lord, he ſhall not ſit above my Tenants. I'll not have two Lords to them; ſo I may go look my rent in another mans Breeches; I was not brought up to be ſo unmannerly?

Enter Miſtreſs Low-water.

Mrs Low I have pickt out a bold time; much good do you Gentlemen.

Weath. Y're welcome as I may ſay Sir.

Mrs Low. Pardon my rudeneſs, Madam.

Wid. No ſuch fault Sir;
Your too ſevere to your ſelf, our judgment quits you.
Pleaſe you to do as we do?

Mrs Low. Thanks good Madam.

Wid. Make room Gentlemen.

Weath Sit ſtill Tenants, I'll call in all your old Leaſes, and rack you elſe.

All Tenants. Oh ſweet Landlord.

Mrs Low. Take my cloak ſirrah; if any be diſturb'd, I'll not ſit Gentlemen,
I ſee my place.

Weath. A proper woman turn'd gallant! if the Widow refuſe me, I care not if I be a ſuiter to him: I have known thoſe who have been as mad, and given half their living for a Male companion.

Mrs Low. How *Piſces*! is that mine?
'Tis a conceited Banquet.

Weath.

Weath. If you love any fiſh, pray fall to Sir; if you had come ſooner, you might have happened among ſome of the fleſh Signs, but now they'r all taken up; *Virgo* had been a good diſh for you, had not one of my Tenants been ſomewhat buſie with her.

Mrs Low. Pray let him keep her Sir, give me meat freſh,
I'd rather have whole fiſh then broken fleſh.

Lambſt. What ſay you to a bit of *Taurus*?

Mrs Low. No, I thank you Sir,
The Bull's too rank for me.

Lambſt. How Sir?

Mrs Low. Too rank Sir.

Lambſt. Fy, I ſhall ſtrike you dumb like all your fellows.

Mrs Low. What with your heels, or horns?

Lambſt. Perhaps with both.

Mrs Low. It muſt be at dead Low-water,
When I'm dead then.

Mr Low. 'Tis a brave *Kate*, and nobly ſpoke of thee.

Weath. This quarrel muſt be drown'd —— *Pickadille*, my Ladies Fool!

Clow. Your, your own man Sir.

Weath. Prethee ſtep in to one o'th' Maids.

Clow. That I will Sir, and thank you too.

Weath. Nay, hark you Sir, call for my Sun-cup preſently, I'd forgot it.

Clow. How, your Sun-cup? ſome cup I warrant that he ſtole out o'th' Sun-Tavern?

Wid. The more I look on him, the more I thinſt for't;
Methinks his beauty does ſo far tranſcend,
Turns the Signs back, makes that the upper end;

Weath. How cheer you Widow? Gentlemen how chear you?

Fair

Fair weather in all quarters, the Sun will peep anon,
I have ſent one for him;
In the mean time I'll tell you a tale of theſe.
This *Libra* here that keeps the ſcale ſo even,
Was i'th' old time an honeſt Chandlers Widow,
And had one daughter which was called *Virgo*,
Which now my hungry Tenant has deflowr'd.
This *Virgo* paſſing for a Maid, was ſued to
By *Sagittarius* there, a gallant ſhooter,
And *Aries* his head-rival; but her old crabbed Uncle
Cancer here, dwelling in *Crooked*-lane,
Still croſt the marriage minding to beſtow her
Upon one *Scorpio*, a rich Uſurer;
The girl loathing that match, fell into folly
With one *Taurus*, a Gentleman in *Townbul*-ſtreet;
By whom ſhe had two twins, thoſe *Gemini* there.
Of which two brats, ſhe was brought a bed in *Leo*,
At the Red Lion about *Tower-hill*.
Being in this diſtreſs, one *Capricorn*,
An honeſt Citizen pitied her caſe, and married her
to *Aquarius*, an old Water-bearer,
And *Piſces* was her living ever after,
At *Standard* ſhe ſold fiſh, where he drew water.

All. It ſhall be yours Sir.

Wid. Meat and mirth too, y're laviſh!
Your purſe and tongue has been at coſt to day Sir.

Lambſt. You may challenge all comers at theſe twelve weapons I warrant you.

Enter Clown.

Clow. Your Sun-cup call you it! 'tis a ſimple voyage that I have made here; I have left my Doublet within, for fear I ſhould ſweat through my Jerkin, and thrown a Cypreſs over my face for fear of Sunburning.

Weath. How now, whose this? why sirrah.
Clow. Can you endure it Mistress?
Wid. Endure, what fool!
Weath. Fill the cup Coxcomb.
Clow. Nay an't be no hotter, I'll go put on my Doublet again. *Exit:*
Weath. What a whoreson-sot is this! prethee fill the cup fellow, and giv't the Widow.
Mrs Low. Sirrah, how stand you? bestow your service there upon her Ladiship.
Wid. What's here a Sun?
Weath. It does betoken Madam
A chearful day to some body?
Wid. It rises
Full in the face of you fair Sign, and yet
By course he is the last must feel the heat.
Here Gentlemen to you all, for you know the Sun must go through the twelve Signs.
Weath. Most wittily Widow; you jump with my conceit right,
There's not a hair between us.
Wid. Give it Sir *Gilbert.*
Lambst. I am the next through whom the golden flame
Shines, when 'tis spent in thy Celestial Ram,
The poor Feet there must wait and cool a while:
Mrs Low. We have our Time Sir, Joy and we shall meet,
I have known the proud Neck lie between the Feet.
Weath. So round it goes.

Enter Clown.

Clow. I like this drinking world well.
Weath. So filt him again.
Peppert. Fil't me! why I drunk last Sir:

Weath.

Weath. I know you did, but *Gemini* muſt drink twice,
Unleſs you mean that one of them ſhall be choak'd.
Wid. Fly from my heart all variable thoughts;
She that's entic'd by every pleaſing object,
Shall finde ſmall pleaſure, and as little reſt.
This Knave hath lov'd me long, he's beſt and worthieſt,
I cannot but in honor ſee him requited—— Sir *Gilbert Lambſton.*
Mrs Low. How? pardon me ſweet Lady,
That with a bold tongue I ſtrike by your words,
Sir *Gilbert Lambſton?*
Lambſt. Yes Sir, that's my name.
Mrs Low. There ſhould be a rank Villain of that name,
Came you out of that houſe——
Lambſt. How, Sir Slave!
Mrs Low. Fall to your Bull, leave roaring till anon:
Weath. Yet again! and you love me Gentlemen, let's have no roaring here.
If I had thought that, I'd have ſent my Bull to the Bear garden.
Peppert. Why ſo you ſhould have wanted one of your Signs.
Weath. But I may chance want two now, and they fall together by the ears.
Wid. What's the ſtrange fire that works in theſe two Creatures?
Cold Signs both, yet more hot then all their fellows——
Weath. Ho *Sol* in *Piſces!* the Sun's in New Fiſh-ſtreet; here's an end of this courſe.
Clow. Madam, I am bold to remember your worſhip for a years wages, and an Livery-cloak.

Wid.

Wid. How, will you ſhame me, had you not both laſt week fool?

Clow. I, but there's another year paſt ſince that.

Wid. Would all your wit could make that good Sir.

Clow. I am ſure the Sun has run through all the twelve Signs ſince, and that's a year, this Gentlemen can witneſs.

Weath. The fool will live Madam.

Clow. I as long as your eyes are open, I warrant him.

Mrs Low. Sirrah!

Mr Low. Does your worſhip call?

Mrs Low. Commend my love and ſervice to the Widow,
Deſire her Ladiſhip to taſte that morſel.

Mr Low. This is the bit I watcht for all this while;
But it comes duly.

Lambſt. And wherein has this name of mine offended,
That y're ſo liberal of your infamous titles?
I but a ſtranger to thee, it muſt be known Sir
Ere we two part.

Mrs Low. Marry and reaſon good Sir.

Wid. O ſtrike me cold—— this ſhould be your hand Sir *Gilbert*?

Lambſt. Why, make you queſtion of that Madam? 'tis one of the Letters I ſent you.

Wid. Much good do you Gentlemen.

All. How now? what's the matter?

Weath. Look to the Widow, ſhe paints white, ſome *Aqua Cœliſtis* for my Lady, run vilain.

Clow. *Aqua Soliſter*; can no body help her caſe but a Lawyer? and ſo many Suiters here?

Wid. O treachery unmatcht, unheard of!

Lambſt.

Lambst. How do you Madam?
Wid: Oh impudence as foul! does my diſeaſe
Ask how I do? can it torment my heart,
And look with a freſh colour in my face?
Lambst: What's this! what's this!
Weath. I am ſorry for this qualm Widow.
Wid. He that would know a villain when he meets him,
Let him ne'r go to a Conjurer; here's a glaſs
Will ſhow him without money, and far truer.
Preſerver of my ſtate, pray tell me Sir,
That I may pay you all my thanks together;
What bleſt hap brought that Letter to your hand
From me, ſo faſt lockt in mine enemies power?
Mrs Low. I will reſolve you Madam: I have a Kinſman
Somewhat infected with that wanton pitty
Which men beſtow on the diſtreſs of women,
Eſpecially if they be fair and poor,
With ſuch hot Charity, which indeed is Luſt;
He ſought t'entice, as his repentance told me,
Her whom you call your enemy, the wife
To a poor Gentleman, one *Low-water.*
Wid. Right, right the ſame.
Mr Low. Had it been right, 't'ad now been.
Mrs Low. And according to the common rate of ſinners,
Offer'd large maintenance, which with her ſeem'd nothing;
For if ſhe would conſent, ſhe told him roundly,
There was a Knight had bid more at one minute
Then all his wealth could compaſs; and withal,
Pluckt out that Letter as it were in ſcorn;
Which by good fortune he put up in jeſt,
With promiſe that the Writ ſhould be returnable
The next hour of his meeting. (But ſweet Madam)

Out

Out of my love and zeal, I did ſo practiſe
The part upon him of an urgent wooer,
That neither he nor that return'd more to her.
Lambſt. Plague a that Kinſman.
Weath. Here's a gallant Raſcal!
Wid. Sir you have appear'd ſo noble in this action,
So full of worth and goodneſs, that my thanks
Will rather ſhame the Bounty of my minde,
Then do it honor: Oh thou treacherous villain!
Does thy Faith bear ſuch fruit? are theſe the bloſſoms of a hundred Oaths
Shot from thy boſom? was thy love ſo ſpightful,
It could not be content to mock my heart,
Which is in love, a miſery too much,
But muſt extend ſo far to the quick ruine
Of what was painfully got, carefully left me;
And 'mongſt a world of yeilding-needy women,
Chuſe no one to make merry with my ſorrows,
And ſpend my wealth on, in adulterous ſurfeits.
But my moſt mortal enemy— O deſpightful!
Is this thy practice? follow it, 'twill advance thee:
Go, beguile on; have I ſo happily found
What many a Widow has with ſorrow taſted,
Even when my Lip touch't the contracting Cup,
Ev'n then to ſee the Spider; 'twas miraculous!
Crawl with thy poyſons hence, and for thy ſake
I'll never covet Titles, and more Riches,
To fall into a gulf of hate and laughter:
I'll marry Love hereafter, I've enough;
And wanting that, I have nothing — There's thy way.
Overd Do you hear Sir? you muſt walk.
Peppert. Hear't! thruſt him down ſtairs.
Weath. Out of my houſe you treacherous, lecherous Raſcal.
Lambſt. All curſes ſcatter you.

Weath.

Weath. Life, do you thunder here; if you had ſtaid a little longer, I'd have rip't out ſome of my Bull out of your Belly again.

Peppert. 'Twas a moſt noble diſcovery; we muſt love you for ever for't.

Wid. Sir, for your Banquet and your mirth we thank you;
You Gentlemen, for your kinde company:
But you, for all my merry days to come,
Or this had been the laſt elſe.

Mrs Low. Love and Fortune
Had more care of your ſafety, peace and ſtate Madam.

Weath. Now will I thruſt in fo't.

Peppert. I'm for my ſelf now.

Overd. What's fifty years? 'tis mans beſt time and ſeaſon;
Now the nights gone, the Widow will hear reaſon:

Mr Low. Now, now! the Suiters flatter, hold on *Kate*,
The Hen may pick the meat, while the Cocks prate.

Exeunt.

Enter Mr Sandfield, Philip, *Sir* Oliver Twilights *Son with* Savorwit.

Phil. If thou talk'ſt longer, I ſhall turn to Marble,
And death will ſtop my hearing.

Sandf. Horrible fortune!

Sav. Nay Sir our building is ſo far defac'd,
There is no ſtuff left to raiſe up a hope.

Phil. Oh with more patience could my fleſh endure
A ſcore of wounds, and all their ſeveral ſearchings,
Then this that thou haſt told me.

Sav.

Sav. Would that Flemmiſh Ram
Had ne'r come near our houſe; there's no going home
As long as he has a Neſt there, and his yong one
A little *Flanders* Egg, new fleg'd: they gape for Pork, and I ſhall be made meat for 'em.

Phil. 'Tis not the bare news of my Mothers life
(May ſhe live long and happy,) that afflicts me
With half the violence that the latter draws;
Though in that news I have my ſhare of grief,
As I had ſhare of ſin; and a foul neglect,
It is my Loves betraying; that's the ſting
That ſtrikes through fleſh and ſpirit; and ſence not wit
From thee, in whom I ne'r ſaw ebb till now;
Nor comforts from a faithful friend can eaſe me,
I'll try the goodneſs of a third companion,
What he'll do for me.

Sandf. Hold! why friend?

Sav. Why Maſter? is this all your kindneſs Sir; offer to ſteal into another Country, and ne'r take your leave on's: Troth, I take it unkindly at your hands Sir; but I'll put it up for once: Faith there was no Conſcience in this Sir; leave me here to endure all weathers, whilſt you make your ſoul dance like a Juglers Egg upon the point of a Rapier! By my troth Sir, y're too blame in't; you might have given us an inckling of your journey; perhaps others would as fain have gone as you.

Phil. Burns this Clay-lamp of miſerable life,
When Joy, the Oyl that feeds it, is dried up?

Enter his Mother new landed, with a Gentleman a Scholler, &c.

Moth. He has remov'd his houſe,
Bev. So it ſeems, Madam.
Moth. I'll ask that Gentleman; — pray can you tell me Sir
Which is Sir *Oliver Twilights?*
Phil. Few can better, Gentlewoman;
It is the next fair houſe your eye can fix on.
Moth. I thank you Sir, go on, he had a ſon about ſome ten years ſince.
Phil. That ſon ſtill lives.
Moth I pray how does he Sir?
Phil. Faith much about my health, (that's never worſe)
If you have any buſineſs to him, Gentlewoman,
I can cut ſhort your journey to the houſe;
I'm all that ever was of the ſame kinde.
Moth. Oh my ſweet ſon! never fell freſher joy
Upon the heart of Mother; this is he Sir!
Bev. My ſeven years travel has e'n worm him out
Of my remembrance.
Sav. Oh this geer's worſe and worſe!
Phil. I am ſo wonder-ſtruck at your bleſt preſence,
That through amaz'd Joy, I neglect my duty!
Moth. Riſe, and a thouſand bleſſings ſpring up with thee.
Sav. I would we had but one in the mean time,
Let the reſt grow at leiſure.
Moth. But know you not this Gentleman yet ſon?
Phil. It take its Mr *Beveril.*
Bev. My name's *Beveril*, Sir:
Phil. Right welcome to my boſom;

Moth.

Moth. You'ld not think ſon,
How much I am beholding to this Gentleman,
As far as freedom; he laid out the ranſom,
Finding me ſo diſtreſs'd.
Phil. 'Twas worthily done Sir,
And I ſhall ever reſt your ſervant for't.
Bev. You quite forget your worth: 'Twas my good hap Sir,
To return home that way, after ſome travels;
Where finding your good Mother ſo diſtreſs'd,
I could not but in pitty ſee her releas'd.
Phil. It was a noble Charity Sir, Heaven quit you.
Sav. It comes at laſt.
Bev. I left a ſiſter here,
New married when I laſt took leave of *England.*
Phil. Oh! Miſtreſs *Low-water:*
Bev. Pray Sir, how does ſhe!
Phil. So little comfort I can give you Sir,
That I would fain excuſe my ſelf, for ſilence.
Bev. Why what's the worſt Sir.
Phil. Wrongs has made her poor.
Bev. You ſtrike my heart —— Alas good Gentlewoman!
Phil. Here's a Gentleman,
You know him, Mr *Sandfield.*
Bev. I crave pardon Sir,
Phil. He can reſolve you, from her Kinſwoman.
Sandf. Welcome to *England*, Madam.
Moth. Thanks good Sir,
Phil. Now there's no way to 'ſcape, I'm compas'd round;
My ſhame is like a priſoner ſet with Halbards.
Sav. Piſh Maſter, Maſter, 'tis yong flood again,
And you can take your time now, away quick.
Phil. Puſh, thou'ſt a ſwimming head.
Sav. Will you but hear me?

When did you loſe your tide, when I ſet forth with you?

Phil. That's true.

Sav. Regard me then, though you have no feeling;
I would not hang by th' Thumbs with a good will.

Phil I hang by th'heart Sir, and would fain have eaſe.

Sav. Then this or none: Flie to your Mothers pitty,
For that's the Court muſt help you; y'are quite gone
At Common Law, no Counſellor can hear you
Confeſs your follies, and ask pardon for 'em.
Tell her the ſtate of all things, ſtand not nicely,
The meat's too hard to be minc'd now; ſhe breeds yong bones by this time?
Deal plainly, Heaven will bleſs thee; turn out all
And ſhake your pockets after it: Beg, weep, kneel, any thing, 'twill break no bones man.
Let her not reſt, take breathing time, nor leave thee
Till thou haſt got her help.

Phil. Lad, I conceive thee.

Sav. About it then, it requires haſte, do't well;
There's but a ſhort ſtreet between us and Hell.

Bev. Ah my poor ſiſter!

Moth. 'Laſs good Gentlewoman,
My heart ev'n weeps for her: —— I ſon, we'll go now.

Phil. May I crave one word Madam? { *Shogs his*

Moth. With me ſon? { *Mother.*

The more the better welcome.

Sav. Now, now, luck:
I pray not often, the laſt Prayer I made
Was nine year old laſt *Bartholomew*-Tide;
'Twould have been a jolly chopper, and 'ad liv'd till this time.

Moth. Why do your words ſtart back; are they afraid

Of her that ever lov'd them!
Phil. I have a ſuit to you Madam.
Moth. You have told me that already; pray what is't?
If't be ſo great, my preſent ſtate refuſe it,
I ſhall be abler, then command and uſe it:
What er't be, let me have warning to provide for't.
Phil. Provide forgiveneſs then, for that's the want
My conſcience feels; O my wilde youth has led me
Into unnatural wrongs againſt your freedom once:
I ſpent the ranſom which my father ſent,
To ſet my pleaſures free, while you lay captive.
Sav. He does it finely faith.
Moth. And is this all now?
You uſe me like a ſtranger, pray ſtand up.
Phil. Rather fall flat, I ſhall deſerve yet worſe.
Moth. What ere your faults are, eſteem me ſtill a friend,
Or elſe you wrong me more in asking pardon,
Then when you did the wrong, you ask'd it for:
And ſince you have prepar'd me to forgive you,
Pray let me know for what, the firſt faults nothing.
Sav. 'Tis a ſweet Lady every inch of her.
Phil. Here comes the wrong then that drives home the reſt.
I ſaw a face at *Antwerp*, that quite drew me
From Conſcience and Obedience; in that fray
I loſt my heart, I muſt needs loſe my way;
There went the ranſom, to redeem my minde,
Steed of the money, I brought over her;
And to caſt miſts before my Fathers eyes,
Told him it was my ſiſter, loſt ſo long,
And that your ſelf was dead.—You ſee the wrorg.
Moth. This is but youthful ſtill.—O that word ſiſter
Afflicts me when I think on't: I forgive thee

As freely as thou didſt it. For alas
This may be cal'd good dealing to ſome parts,
That love and youth plays daily among ſons.

Sav. She helps our Knavery well, that's one good comfort.

Phil. But ſuch is the hard plight my ſtate lives in,
That 'twixt forgiveneſs, I muſt ſin again,
And ſeek my help where I beſtow'd my wrongs.
O Mother pitty once, though againſt reaſon!
Cauſe I can merit none, though my wrongs grieve you;
Yet let it be your glory to relieve me.

Moth. Wherein have I given cauſe yet of miſtruſt,
That you ſhould doubt my ſuccor, and my love?
Show me but in what kinde I may beſtow 'em.

Phil. There came a Dutchman with report this day,
That you were living.

Moth. Came he ſo lately?

Phil Yes Madam.
Which news ſo ſtruck my Father on the ſudden,
That he grows jealous of my faith in both.
Theſe five hours have I kept me from his ſight,
And wiſh'd my ſelf eternally ſo hid:
And ſurely, had not your bleſt preſence quickned
The flame of life in me, all had gone out.
Now to confirm me to his truſt again,
And ſettle much aright in his opinion;
Say but ſhe is my ſiſter, and all's well.

Moth. You ask devotion like a baſhful beggar,
That pure need urges, and not lazy impudence;
And to expreſs how glad I am to pitty you,
My bounty ſhall flow over your demand.
I will not onely with a conſtant breath
Approve that, but excuſe thee for my death!

Sav.

Sav. Why here's a woman made, as a man would wiſh to have her !

Phil. Oh I am plac'd higher in happineſs,
Then whence I fell before !

Sav. We're brave fellows once again, and we can keep our own :
Now Hoffte Toftee, our Pipes play as loftily ?

Bev. My ſiſter fled !

Sandf Both fled, that's the news now ; Want muſt obey ;
Oppreſſions came ſo thick, they could not ſtay.

Bev. Mean are my fortunes, yet had I been nigh,
Diſtreſs nor wrong ſhould have made Vertue flie.

Moth. Spoke like a Brother, worthy ſuch a ſiſter ;

Bev. Grief's like a new wound, heat beguiles the ſence,
For I ſhall feel this ſmart more three days hence.
Come Madam, ſorrow's rude, and forgets manners.

Sav. Our knavery is for all the world like a ſhifting Bankrupt, it breaks in one place, and ſets up in another : He tryes all trades, from a Goldſmith to a Tobacco-ſeller; we try all ſhifts, from an Outlaw to a Flatterer : He couzens the Husband, and compounds with the Widow ; we couzen my Maſter, and compound with my Miſtreſs ; onely here I turn o'th' right hand from him, He is known to live like a Raſcal, when I am thought to live like a Gentleman.

Exeunt:

Enter Kate *with her Man-husband.*

Mrs Low. I have ſent in one to th'Widow.

Mr. Low. Well ſaid *Kate*,
Thou ply'ſt thy buſineſs cloſe, — The coaſt is clear yet !

Mrs Low. Let me but have warning,

shall make pretty shift with them.

Mr Low. That thou shalt wench. *Exit.*

My Lady Sir commends her kindly to you,
the third part of an hour Sir,
spares your patience, —Two or three of her Tenants out of *Kent*
Will hold her so long busied.

Mrs Low. Thank you Sir.
'Tis fit I should attend her time and leisure;
Those were my Tenants once, but what relief
is there in what hath been, or what I was?
'Tis now that makes the man. A last years feast
Yeilds little comfort for the present humor;
He starves that feeds his hopes with what his past:
——How now?

Mr Low. They're come, newly alighted.

Mrs Low. Peace, peace,
I'll have a trick for 'em, —Look you second me well now.

Mr Low. I warrant thee.

Mrs Low. I must seem very imperious, I can tell you; therefore if I should chance to use you roughly, pray forgive me beforehand.

Mr Low. With all my heart *Kate.*

Mrs Low. You must look for no obedience in those clothes, that lies in the Pocket of my Gown.

Mr Low. Well, well, I will not then.

Mrs Low. I hear 'em coming, step back a little Sir: Where be those fellows? who looks out there? is there ne'r a Knave i'th' house to take those Gentlemens horses? where wait you to day? how stand you? like a dreaming Goose in a corner, the Gentlemens horses forsooth.

Mr Low. Yes an't like your worship.

Enter

Enter Maſter Weatherwiſe, *Mr* Pepperton, *and Mr* Overdon, *Suiters.*

Peppert. What's here, a ſtrange alteration?

Weath. A new Lord? would I were upon my Mares back again then.

Mrs Low. Pray Gentlemen pardon the rudeneſs of theſe Grooms,
I hope they will be brought to better faſhion;
In the mean time y'are welcome Gentlemen.

All. We thank you Sir.

Weath. Life here's quick work! I'll hold my life h'as ſtruck the Widow i'th' right Planet, *Venus in Cauda?* I thought 'twas a lecherous Planet that goes to't with a Caudle.

Mrs Low. How now Sir?

Mr Low. The Gentlemans horſes are ſet up Sir.

Peppert. No, no, no, we'll away.

Weath. We'll away.

Mrs Low. How? by my faith, but you ſhall not yet, by your leave; where's *Beſs*? call your Miſtreſs Sir, to welcome theſe kinde Gentlemen my friends.

Peppert. Overd. How *Beſs*, *Peg*?

Weath. Plain *Beſs*! I know how the world goes then, he has been a bed with *Beſs*, y'faith; there's no truſt to theſe Widows; a yong horſing Gentleman carries 'em away clear.

Mrs Low. Now where's your Miſtreſs Sir, how chance ſhe comes not?

Mr Low. Sir, ſhe requeſts you to excuſe her for a while, ſhe's buſie with a Millener about Gloves.

Mrs Low. Gloves?

Weath. Hoyda, Gloves too!

Mrs Low. Could ſhe finde no other time to chuſe Gloves,

Gloves, but now when my friends are here?

Peppert. No Sir, 'tis no matter, we thank you for your good will Sir; to say truth, We have no buſineſs with her at all at this time, y'faith Sir.

Mrs Low. O that's another matter; yet ſtay, ſtay Gentlemen and taſte a cup of Wine ere you go.

Overd. No, thank you Sir.

Mrs Low. Mr *Pepperton*, Mr *Weatherwiſe* will you Sir?

Weath. I'll ſee the Wine in a drunkards ſhooes firſt, and drink't after he has brew'd it; but let her go, ſhe's fitted y'faith; a proud ſurly Sir here, he domineers already; one that will ſhake her bones, and go to Dice with her money, or I have no skill in a Kalender: Life! he that can be ſo ſaucy to call her *Beſs* already, will call her Prating-Queen a moneth hence. *Exeunt.*

Mr Low. They have given thee all the ſlip.

Mrs Low. So a fair riddance!
There's three rubs gone, I've a clear way to th' Miſtreſs.

Mr Low. You'd need have a clear way, becauſe y'are a bad pricker.

Mrs Low. Yet if my Bowl take bank, I ſhall go nigh
To make my ſelf a ſaver:
Here's Alley room enough, I'll try my fortune,
I am to begin the world like a yonger Brother;
I know that a bold face, and a good ſpirit,
Is all the Joynture he can make Widow;
And't ſhall go hard, but I'll be as rich as he, or at leaſt ſeem ſo; and that's wealth enough:
For nothing kills a Widow's heart ſo much,
As a faint baſhful wooer, though he have thouſands,
And come with a poor Water-gruel ſpirit,
And a Fiſh-market face, he ſhall ne'r ſpeed:

I would not have himſelf left a poor Widower.

Mr Low. Faith I'm glad I'm alive; to commend thee *Kate*, I ſhall be ſure now to ſee my commendations delivered.

Mrs Low. I'll put her to't y'faith.

Mr Low. But ſoft ye *Kate*,
How and ſhe ſhould accept of your bold kindneſs?

Mrs Low. A cheif point to be thought on, by my faith;
Marry therefore Sir, be you ſure to ſtep in, for fear I ſhould ſhame my ſelf, and ſpoil all:

Mr Low. Well, I'll ſave your credit then for once, but look you come there no more.

Mrs Low. Away, I hear her coming.

Mr Low. I am vaniſh'd. *Exit.*

Enter Widow.

Mrs Low. How does my life, my ſoul, my dear ſweet Madam?

Wid. I have wrong'd your patience, made you ſtand too long here.

Mrs Low. There's no ſuch thing y'faith Madam; y'are pleas'd to ſay ſo.

Wid. Yes, I confeſs I was too ſlow Sir.

Mrs Low. Why you ſhall make me amends for that then, with a quickneſs in your Bed.

Wid. That were a ſpeedy mends Sir.

Mrs Low. Why then you are out of my debt; I'll croſs the Book, and turn over a new leaf with you.

Wid. So with paying a ſmall debt, I may chance run into a greater.

Mrs Low. My faith your credit will be the better then: There's many a brave gallant would be glad of ſuch fortune, and pay uſe for't.

Wid. Some of them have nothing elſe to do; they

they would be idle and 'twere not for intereſt.

Mrs Low. I promiſe you Widow, were I a ſetter up, ſuch is my opinion of your payment, I durſt truſt you with all the ware in my ſhop.

Wid. I thank you for your good will, I can have no more.

Mrs Low. Not of me y'faith, nor that neither; and you know all —— Come make but ſhort ſervice Widow, a kiſs and to bed, I'm very hungry y'faith Wench.

Wid. What are you Sir?

Mrs Low. Oh a yonger Brother has an excellent ſtomack, Madam, worth a hundred of your ſons and heirs, that ſtay their wedding ſtomacks with a hot bit of a Common Miſtreſs, and then come to a Widows bed like a flaſh of lightning: Y'are ſure of the firſt of me, not of the five hundreth of them. I never took Phyſick yet in my life; you ſhall have the Doctor continually with them, or ſome bottle for his Deputy: Out flies your moneys for reſtoratives and ſtrengthnings, in me 'tis ſav'd in your purſe, and found in your children; they'll get peeviſh Pothecaries ſtuff, you may weigh 'em by th' ounces; I boys of War, brave Commanders, that ſhall bear a bredth in their ſhoulders, and a weight in their hips, and run over a whole Countrey with a pound a Beef, and a Bisket in their Belly. Ho Widow, my kiſſes are Virgins, my embraces perfect, my ſtrength ſolid, my love conſtant, my heat comfortable; but to come to the point, inutterable.

Wid. But ſoft ye, ſoft ye; becauſe you ſtand ſo ſtrictly
Upon your purity, I'll put you to't Sir.
Will you ſwear here, you never yet knew woman?

Mrs Low. Never, as man ere knew her; By this Light, Widow.

Wid.

Wid. What, what Sir! ſhrew my heart he moves me much,

Mrs Low. Nay, ſince you love to bring a man on's knees,
I take into the ſame oath, thus much more,
That y'are the firſt Widow, or Maid, or Wife,
That ever I in ſuit of love did Court,
Or honeſtly did woo: How ſay you to that Widow?

Wid. Marry I ſay Sir, you had a good portion of Chaſtity left you, though ill fortune run away with the reſt.

Mrs Low. That I kept for thee Widow; ſhe's of fortune, and all her ſtrait bodied daughters; thou ſhalt have't Widow.

Wid. Puſh what do you mean.

Mrs Low. I cannot beſtow't better.

Wid. I'll call my Servants.

Mrs Low. By my troth you ſhall not Madam.

Enter Mr Low-water.

Mr Low. Does your worſhip call Sir?

Mrs Low. Ha pox! are you peeping? *Throws ſomewhat at him.*
He came in a good time, I thank him for't:

Wid. What do you think of me? your very forward Sir:

Mrs Low. Extremity of love.

Wid You ſay y'are ignorant,
It ſhould not ſeem ſo ſurely by your play;
For ought I ſee, you may make one your ſelf,
You need not hold the Cards to any Gameſter.

Mrs Low. That love ſhould teach men ways to wrong it ſelf!

Wid. Are theſe the firſt-fruits of your boldneſs Sir?

If all take after theſe, you may boaſt on 'em;
There comes few ſuch to Market among women:
Time you were taken down Sir: *Within there.*

Mrs Low. I've loſt my way again, there's but two paths that leads to Widows beds,
That's wealth or forwardneſs, and I've took the wrong one.

Enter Servant, with the Suiters.

Serv. He marry my Lady! why there's no ſuch thought yet.

Mrs Low. Oh here they are all again too!

Wid. Are you come Gentlemen?
I wiſh no better men.

Weath. Oh the Moon's chang'd now!

Wid. See you that Gentleman yonder!

Peppert. Yes ſweet Madam.

Wid. Then pray be witneſs all of you, with this kiſs
I chuſe him for my husband.

All. A pox on't.

Wid. And with this parted Gold that two hearts joyn.

Mrs Low. Never with chaſter love then this of mine.

Wid. And thoſe that have the hearts to come to th'wedding,
They ſhall be welcome for their former loves. *Exit.*

Peppert. No, I thank you, y'ave choak'd me already.

Weath. I never ſuſpected mine Almanack till now; I believe he plays cogging *John* with me, I bought it at his ſhop; it may learn the more knavery by that.

Mrs

Mrs Low. Now indeed Gentlemen I can bid you welcome,
Before 'twas but a flouriſh.

Weath. Nay ſo my Almanack told me
There ſhould be an Eclipſe, but not viſible in our Horizon, but about the *Weſtern* inhabitants of *Mexicana* and *Californica*.

Mrs Low. Well, we have no buſineſs there Sir.

Weath. Nor we have none here Sir, and ſo fare you well. *Exit.*

Mrs Low. You ſave the houſe a good labor Gentlemen; the fool carries them away in a Voider. Where be theſe fellows?

Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Sir.

Clow. Here Sir.

1 *Serv.* What your worſhip pleaſure.

Mrs Low. Oh, this is ſomething like, take you your eaſe Sir,
Here are thoſe now more fit to be commanded:

Mr Low. How few women are of thy minde; ſhe thinks it too much to keep me in ſubjection for one day, whereas ſome wives would be glad to keep their husbands in aw all days of their lives, and think it the beſt bargain that ere they made.

Mrs Low. I'll ſpare no coſt for th'wedding, ſome device too,
To ſhow our thankfulneſs to Wit and Fortune;
It ſhall be ſo— Run ſtreight for one o'th' wits;

Clow. How! one o'th' wits? I care not if I run on that account; are they in Town think you?

Mrs Low. Whether runſt thou now?

Clow. To an Ordnary for one of the wits.

Mrs Low. Why to an Ordnary, above a Tavern.

Clow.

Clow. No, I hold your beſt wits to be at Ordnary, nothing ſo good in a Tavern.

Mrs Low. And why I pray Sir?

Clow. Becauſe thoſe that go to an Ordnary dine better for Twelve pence, then he that goes to a Tavern for his five ſhillings; and I think thoſe have the beſt wits that can ſave four ſhillings, and fare better too:

Mrs Low. So Sir, all your wit then runs upon Victuals.

Clow. 'Tis a ſign 'twill hold out the longer then.

Mrs Low. What were you ſaying to me?

Serv. Pleaſe your worſhip,
I heard there came a Schollar over lately
With old Sir *Oliver*'s Lady.

Mrs Low. Is ſhe come?
What is that Lady?

1 *Serv.* A good Gentlewoman,
Has been long priſoner with the enemy.

Mrs Low. I know't too well, and joy in her releaſe.
Go to that houſe then ſtraight, and in one labor
You may bid them, and entreat home that Schollar.

1 *Serv.* It ſhall be done with ſpeed Sir.

Clow. I'll along with you
And ſee what face that Schollar has brought over; a thin pair of Barbreaking Sea-water Green-chops, I warrant you.

Mrs Low. Since wit has pleaſur'd me, I'll pleaſure wit,
Schollars ſhall fare the better.—— O my Bleſſing!
I feel a hand of mercy lift me up
Out of a world of waters, and now ſets me
Upon a Mountain, where the Sun plays moſt,
To chear my heart ev'n as it dries my limbs.
What deeps I ſee beneath me? in whoſe falls

Many

Many a nimble mortal toyls,
And ſcarce can feed himſelf; the ſtreams of Fortune
'Gainſt which he tugs in vain, ſtill beat him down,
And will not ſuffer him (paſt hand to mouth)
To lift his arm to his Poſterities Bleſſing.
I ſee a careful ſweat run in a ring
About his Temples, but all will not do:
For till ſome happy means relieve his ſtate,
There he muſt ſtick, and bide the wrath of fate.
I ſee this wrath upon an uphil Land,
O bleſt are they can ſee their falls, and ſtand!
How now?

Enter Beveril.

Serv. With much entreating Sir, he's come.
Mrs Low. Sir y'are—my Brother! —Joys
come thick together:
Sir when I ſee a Schollar, pardon me,
I am ſo taken with affliction for him,
That I muſt run into his arms, and claſpe him;
Bev. Art ſtands in need Sir of ſuch cheriſhers,
I meet too few; 'twere a brave world for Schollars
If half a Kingdom were but of your minde Sir;
Let Ignorance and Hell confound the reſt.
Mrs Low. Let it ſuffer ſweet Sir, you cannot
think
How deerly you are welcome.
Bev. May I live
To ſhow you ſervice for't.
Mrs Low. Your love, your love Sir,
We go no higher, nor ſhall you go lower.
Sir I'm bold to ſend for you, to requeſt
A kindneſs from your wit, for ſome device
To grace our wedding it ſhall be worth your pains;
And ſomething more: expreſs my love to art,

You ſhall not receive all in bare embracements.

Bev. Your love I thank, but pray Sir pardon me,
I've a heart ſays I muſt not grant you that.

Mrs Low. No, what's your reaſon Sir?

Bev. I'm not at peace
With the Lady of this houſe; now you'll excuſe me,
Sh'as wrong'd my ſiſter, and I may not do't.

Mrs Low. The Widow knows you not.

Bev. I never ſaw her face to my remembrance.
Oh that my heart ſhould feel her wrongs ſo much,
And yet live ignorant of the injurer!

Mrs Low. Let me perſwade thee, ſince ſhe knows you not,
Make clear the weather, let not griefs betray you,
I'll tell her y're a worthy friend of mine,
And ſo I tell her true; thou art indeed.
Sir here ſhe comes.

Enter Widow.

Wid. What are you buſie Sir?

Mrs Low. Nothing leſs Lady; here's a Gentleman
Of noble parts, beſide his friendſhip to me;
Pray give him liberal welcome.

Wid. He's moſt welcome.

Mrs Low: The vertues of his minde will deſerve largely.

Wid. Methinks his outward parts deſerve as much then; a proper Gentleman it is.

Mrs Low. Come worthy Sir.

Bev. I follow; check thy blood
For fear it prove too bold to wrong thy goodneſs:
A wiſeman makes affections but his ſlaves.
Break 'em in time, let 'em not maſter thee.
O 'tis my ſiſters enemy, think of that!
Some ſpeedy grief fall down upon the fire,

Before

Before it take my heart; let it not riſe
'Gainſt brotherly Nature, Judgment, and theſe wrongs; —— make clear the weather.
Oh who could look upon her face in ſtorms!
Yet pains may work it out, griefs do but ſtrive
To kill this ſparke, I'll keep it ſtill alive.

Act 3. Scæn 1.

Enter the three late Suiters, Weatherwiſe, Pepperton, *and* Overdon, *joyn'd with Sir* Gilbert Lambſton.

Weath. FAith Sir *Gilbert*, forget and forgive, There's all our hands to a new bargain of friendſhip.

Peppert. I and all our hearts to boot, Sir *Gilbert.*

Weath. Why la you! there's but four Suitors left on's in all th'world, and the fifth has the Widow; if we ſhould not be kinde to one another, and ſo few on's y'faith, I would we were all rak'd up in ſome hole or other.

Sir Gilb. Pardon me Gentlemen, I cannot but remember
Your late diſgraceful words before the Widow,
In time of my oppreſſion.

Weath. Puh, *Saturn* raign'd then, a melancholy grumbling Planet, he was in the third houſe of privy enemies, and would have bewray'd all our plots; beſide there was a fiery conjunction in the Dragons tails, that ſpoil'd all that ere we went about.

Sir Gilb. Dragon or Devil, ſomewhat 'twas I am ſure.

Weath. Why I tell you Sir *Gilbert*, we were all out of our wits in't; I was ſo mad at that time my ſelf, I could have wiſh'd an hind-quarter of my Bull out of your belly again, whereas now I care not if you had eat tail and all; I am no niggard in the way of friendſhip, I was ever yet at Full Moon in good fellowſhip, and ſo you ſhall finde, if you look into the Almanack of my true nature.

Sir Gilb. Well all's forgiven for once, hands a-pace, Gentlemen.

Weath. Ye ſhall have two of mine to do you a kindneſs,—yet when they're both abroad, who ſhall look to th'houſe here?

Pep. Overd. Not onely a new friendſhip, but a friend.

Sir Gilb. But upon this condition Gentlemen
You ſhall hear now a thing worth your revenge.

Weath. And you doubt that,
You ſhall have mine before-hand, I've one ready, I never go without a black Oath about me.

Sir Gilb. I know the leaſt touch of a ſpur in this
Will now put your deſires to a falſe gallop,
By all means ſlandrous in every place,
And in all companies, to diſgrace the Widow,
No matter in what rank, ſo it be ſpighteful
And worthy your revenges; ſo now I,
It ſhall be all my ſtudy, care, and pains,
And we can loſe no labor; all her foes
Will make ſuch uſe on't, that they'll ſnatch it from us
Faſter then we can forge it; though we keep
Four tongues at work upon't and never ceaſe.
Then for the indifferent world, faith they're apter
To bid a ſlave welcome, then a truth;
We have the odds of our ſide: this in time

May grow ſo general, as diſgrace will ſpred,
That wilde diſſention may divide the bed.

Weath. Pep. Excellent!

Overd. A pure revenge, I ſee no dregs in't.

Sir Gilb. Let each man look to his part now, and not feed
Upon one diſh all four on's, like plain Maltmen;
For at this feaſt we muſt have ſeveral kickſhaws,
And delicate made diſhes, that the world
May ſee it is a Banquet finely furniſh'd.

Weath. Why then let me alone for one of your kickſhaws,
I have thought on that already.

Sir Gilb. Prethee how Sir?

Weath. Marry Sir I'll give it out abroad, that I have lain with the Widow my ſelf, as 'tis the faſhion of many a gallant to diſgrace his new Miſtreſs, when he cannot have his will of her, and lie with her name in every Tavern, though he ne'r came within a yard of her perſon; ſo I being a Gentleman, may ſay as much in that kinde as a gallant; I am as free by my Fathers copy.

Sir Gilb. This will do excellent Sir!

Weath. And moreover I'll give the world thus much to underſtand beſide that, if I had not lain with the Widow in the wain of the Moon, at one of my Seven Stars houſes, when *Venus* was about buſineſs of her own, and could give no attendance, ſhe had been brought a bed with two roaring boys by this time, and the *Gemini* being Infants, I'd have made away with them like a ſtep-mother, and put mine own boys in their places.

Sir Gilb. Why this is beyond talk, you out-run your Maſter.

Enter Clown.

Clow. Whoop! draw home next time; here are all the old ſhooters, that have loſt the game at pricks? what a fair mark had Sir *Gilbert* on't, if he had ſhot home before the laſt Arrow came in? methinks theſe ſhow to me now, for all the world, like ſo many louſie beggars turn'd out of my Ladies Barn, and have ne'r a hole to put their heads in.

Weath. Maſs here's her Ladiſhips Aſs, he tells us any thing.

Sir Gilb. Ho Pickadille!

Clow. What Sir *Gilbert Lambſton*!
Gentlemen, Out-laws all, how do you do?

Sir Gilb: How! what do'ſt call us? how goes the world at home Lad?
What ſtrange news?

Clow. This is the ſtate of prodigals as right as can be, when they have ſpent all their means on brave feaſts, their glad to ſcrape to a ſerving-man for a meals meat.
So you that whilome like four prodigal rivals,
Could Gooſe or Capon, Crane or Woodcock chuſe,
Now're glad to make up a poor meal with news;
A lamentable hearing!

Weath. He's in paſſion; ——up to the Eyebrows for us.

Clow. O Mr *Weatherwiſe*, I blame none but you; ——you are a Gentleman deeply read in *Ponds* Almanack;——methinks you ſhould not be ſuch a ſhallow fellow; you knew this day the twelf of *June* would come when the Sun enters into the Crabs room, and all your hopes would go aſide, aſide.

Weath. The fool ſays true y'faith Gentlemen, I knew

knew 'twould come all to this paſs, I'll ſhow't you preſently.

Clow. If you had ſpar'd but four of your twelve Signs now,
You might have gone to a Tavern and made merry with 'em.

Weath. H'as the beſt Moral meaning of an Aſs, that ere I heard ſpeak with tongue: Look you here Gentlemen; fifth day neither Fiſh nor Fleſh.

Clow. No, nor good Red-herring, and you look again.

Weath. Sixth day privily prevented,

Clow. Marry faugh.

Weath. Seventh day ſhrunk in the wetting.

Clow. Nay, ſo will the beſt Ware bought for love or money.

Weath. The eighth day over head and ears.

Clow. By my faith he come home in a ſweet pickle then!

Weath. The ninth day, ſcarce ſound at heart.

Clow. What a pox ail'd it?

Weath. The tenth day a Courtiers welcome.

Clow. That's a cup of Bear, and you can get it.

Weath. The eleventh day, ſtones againſt the wind.

Clow. Pox of an Aſs, he might have thrown 'em better.

Weath. Now the twelf day Gentlemen, that was our day. — Paſt all redemption.

Clow. Then the Devil go with't.

Weath. Now you ſee plainly Gentlemen how we're us'd,
The Kalender will not lie for no mans pleaſure.

Sir Gilb. Puſh, y'are too confident in Almanack Poſies,

Peppert. Faith ſo ſaid we.

Sir Gilb. They're meer deluſions.

Weath. How!—You ſee how knaviſhly they happen Sir.

Sir Gilb. I, that's becauſe they're fooliſhly bely'd Sir.

Weath. Well, take your courſes Gentlemen without 'em, and ſee what will come on't; you may wander like maſterleſs-men, there's ne'r a Planet will care a half-penny for you: If they look after you I'll be hang'd, when you ſcorn to beſtow two pence to look after them.

Sir Gilb. How! a device at the wedding ſay'ſt thou!

Clow. Why? have none of you heard of that yet?

Sir Gilb. 'Tis the firſt news y'faith Lad.

Clow. Oh there's a brave travelling Schollar entertain'd into the houſe a purpoſe; one that has been all the world over, and ſome part of *Jeruſalem*; h'as his Chamber, his dyet, and three Candles allow'd him after Supper.

Weath. By my faith he need not complain for victuals then, what ere he be.

Clow. He lies in one of the beſt Chambers i'th' houſe, bravely matted; and to warm his wits as much, a cup of Sack and an *Aqua Vitæ* Bottle ſtands juſt at his elbow.

Weath. He's ſhroudly hurt by my faith; if he catch an Ague of that faſhion, I'll be hang'd.

Clow. He'll come abroad anon.

Sir Gilb. Art ſure on't?

Clow. Why he ne'r ſtays a quarter of an hour in the houſe together:

Sir Gilb No; how can he ſtudy then?

Clow. Pha beſt of all; he talks as he goes, and writes as he runs, beſides you know 'tis death to a Traveller to ſtand long in one place.

Sir

Sir Gilb. It may hit right boys! — Honeſt *Pickadille*
Thou waſt wont to love me.

Clow. I'd good cauſe Sir then.

Sir Gilb. Thou ſhalt have the ſame ſtill, take that.

Clow. Will you believe me now; I ne'r lov'd you better in my life, then I do at this preſent.

Sir Gilb. Tell me now truly; who are the Preſenters?
What Parſons are employed in the Device?

Clow. Parſons! not any Sir; my Miſtreſs will not be at the charge; ſhe keeps none but an old Welſh Vicar.

Sir Gilb. Prethee, I mean, who be the Speakers?

Clow. Troth I know none, but thoſe that open their mouths: Here he comes now himſelf, you may ask him.

Enter Mr Beveril.

Weath: Is this he? by my faith one may pick a Gentleman out of his Calves, and a Schollar out on's Cheeks; one may ſee by his looks what's in him; I warrant you there has ne'r a new Almanack come out theſe douzen years, but he has ſtudied it over and over.

Sir Gilb. Do not reveal us now.

Clow. Becauſe you ſhall be ſure on't, you have given me a nine-pence here, and I'll give you the ſlip for't. *Exit.*

Sir Gilb. Well ſaid; now the Fool's pleas'd, we may be bold.

Bev. Love is as great an enemy to Wit,
As Ignorance to Art; I finde my powers
So much employ'd in buſineſs of my heart,
That all the time's too little to diſpatch
Affairs within me. — Fortune too remiſs

I ſuffer for thy ſlowneſs, had I come
Before a Vow had chain'd their ſouls together,
There might have been ſome hope, though ne'r ſo little:
Now there's no ſpark at all, nor ere can be,
But dreadful ones ſtruck from Adultery;
And if my Luſt were ſmothered with her will,
Oh who could wrong a Gentleman ſo kinde,
A ſtranger made up with a Brothers minde?

Sir Gilb. Peace, peace, enough, let me alone to manage it.

A quick invention, and a happy one
Reward your ſtudy Sir.

Bev. Gentlemen I thank you.

Sir Gilb. We underſtand your wits are in employment Sir,
In honor of this wedding.

Bev. Sir, the Gentleman
To whom that worthy Lady is betroth'd,
Vouchſafes t'accept the power of my good will in't.

Sir Gilb. I pray reſolve us then Sir, for we're friends
That love and honor her.

Sir Gilb. Whether your number be yet full, or no,
Of thoſe which you make choice of for Preſenters.

Bev. Firſt, 'tis ſo brief, becauſe the time is ſo,
We ſhall not trouble many; and for thoſe
We ſhall employ, the houſe will yeild in ſervants.

Sir Gilb. Nay then under your leave and favor Sir,
Since all your pains will be ſo weakly grac'd,
And wanting due performance loſe their luſtre;
Here are four of us Gentlemen, her friends,
Both lovers of her honor, and your Art,
That would be glad ſo to expreſs our ſelves,
And think our ſervice well, and worthily plac'd.

Bev.

Bev. My thanks do me no grace for this large kindneſs,
You make my labors proud of ſuch Preſenters.
Sir Gilb. She ſhall not think Sir, ſhe's ſo ill beloy'd,
But friends can quickly make that number perfect.
Bev. She's bound t'acknowledge it.
Sir Gilb. Onely thus much Sir,
Which will amaze her moſt; I'd hav't ſo carried,
As you can do't, that neither ſhe, nor none
Should know what friends we were till all were done.
Weath. I that would make the ſport.
Bev. I like it well Sir;
My hand and faith amongſt you Gentlemen,
It ſhall be ſo diſpoſed of.
Sir Gilb. We are the men then.
Bev. Then look you Gentlemen, the Device is ſingle,
Naked, and plain, becauſe the time's ſo ſhort,
And gives no freedom to a wealthier ſport;
'Tis onely Gentlemen, the four Elements
In livelieſt forms, Earth, Water, Air, and Fire.
Weath. Maſs and here's four of us too.
Bev. It fits well Sir.
This the effect, That whereas all thoſe four
Maintain a natural oppoſition
And untruc'd war, the one againſt the other,
To ſhame their ancient Envies they ſhould ſee
How well in two breſts all theſe do agree:
Weath. That's in the Bride and Bridegroom; I am quick Sir.
Sir Gilb. In faith it's pritty Sir, I approve it well.
Bev. But ſee how ſoon my happineſs, and your kindneſs
Is croſt together.
Sir Gilb. Croſt! I hope not ſo Sir.

Bev.

Bev. I can employ but two of you.

Peppert. How comes that Sir ?

Bev. Air and the Fire ſhould be by me preſented,
But the two other in the forms of women.

Weath. Nay, then we're gone again : I think theſe women
Were made to vex and trouble us in all ſhapes.

Sir Gilb. Faith Sir you ſtand too nicely.

Weath. So think I Sir.

Bev. Yet when we tax our ſelves, it may the better
Set off our Errors, when the fine eyes judge 'em ;
But water certainly ſhould be a woman.

Weath. By my faith then he is gelded ſince I ſaw him laſt ; he was thought to be a man once, when he got his wife with childe before he was married.

Bev. Fie, you are fiſhing in an other ſtream Sir.

Weath. But now I come to yours, and you go to that Sir ; I ſee no reaſon then but Fire and Water ſhould change ſhapes and genders.

Bev. How prove you that Sir ?

Weath. Why there's no reaſon but Water ſhould be a man, becauſe Fire is commonly known to be a Quean.

Bev. So Sir, you argue well.

Weath. Nay more Sir, Water will break in at a little crevice, ſo will a man if he be not kept out ; Water will undermine, ſo will an Informer ; Water will ebb and flow, ſo will a Gentleman ; Water will ſearch any place, and ſo will a Conſtable, as lately he did at my Seven Stars for a yong Wench that was ſtole ; Water will quench Fire, and ſo will *Wat* the Barber, *Ergo*, Let Water wear a Codpeece-point.

Bev. Faith Gentlemen I like your company well.

Weath Let's ſee who'll diſpute with me at the Full o'th' Moon.

Bev.

Bev. No Sir; and you be vain-glorious of your Talent, I'll put you to't once more.

Weath. I'm for you Sir, as long as the Moon keeps in this quarter.

Bev. Well, how anſwer you this then? Earth and Water are both bearers; therefore they ſhould be women.

Weath. Why ſo are Porters and Pedlers, and yet they are known to be men.

Bev. I'll give you over in time Sir, I ſhall repent the beſtowing on't elſe.

Weath. If I that have proceeded in five and twenty ſuch Books of Aſtronomy, ſhould not be able to put down a Schollar now in One thouſand ſix hundred thirty and eight, the Dominical Letter being G, I ſtood for a Gooſe.

Sir Gilb. Then this will ſatisfie you though that be a woman;

Oceanus, the Sea, that's cheif of Waters,
He wears the form of a man, and ſo may you.

Bev. Now I hear reaſon, and I may conſent.

Sir Gilb. And ſo, though Earth challenge a Feminine face,
The matter of which Earth conſiſts, that's duſt,
The general ſoul of Earth is of both kindes.

Bev. Fit your ſelves Gentlemen, I've enough for me.
Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, part 'em amongſt you!

Weath. Let me play fair, I was my Fathers eldeſt ſon.

Bev. I but this Air never poſſeſt the Lands.

Weath. I'm but diſpos'd to jeſt with you Sir; 'tis the ſame my Almanack ſpeaks on, is't not?

Bev. That 'tis Sir.

Weath. Then leave it to my diſcretion, to fit both the part and the perſon.

Bev. You ſhall have your deſire Sir.
Sir Gilb. We'll agree
Without your trouble now Sir, we're not factious,
Or envy one another for beſt parts;
Like quarrelling Actors that have paſſionate fits,
We ſubmit always to the Writers wits.
Bev. He that commends you, may do't liberally,
For you deſerve as much as praiſe can ſhow.
Sir Gilb. We'll ſend to you privately.
Bev. I'll diſpatch you.
Sir Gilb. We'll poyſon your device. *Exit.*
Peppert. She muſt have pleaſures,
Shows and conceits, and we diſgraceful doom.
Weath. We'll make your Elements come limping home. *Exeunt.*
Bev. How happy am I in this unlook'd for grace,
This voluntary kindneſs from theſe Gentlemen!
'Twill ſet off all my labors far more pleaſing
Before the Widow, whom my heart calls Miſtreſs,
But my tongue dares not ſecond it.

Enter Mrs Lowwater *and her Man-husband.*

Mr Low. How ſay you now *Kate*?
Mrs Low. I like this Muſick well Sir.
Bev. O unfortunate!
Yet though a Tree be guarded from my touch,
There's none can hinder me to love the fruit.
Mrs Low. Nay, now we know your minde Brother, we'll provide for you. *Exit.*
Bev. O were it but as free as late times knew it,
I would deſerve, if all lifes wealth could do it. *Exit.*

Act 4. Scæn 1.

Enter at Sir Oliver's *house, himself, old* Sunset, *his redeemed Lady, Master* Sandfield, *the Dutch Merchant,* Philip *Sir* Oliver's *Son, and* Savorwit *alooff off, and Servants:*

Sir Oliv. O My reviving joy! thy quickning presence
Makes the sad night of threescore and ten years
Sit like a youthful Spring upon my blood:
I cannot make thy welcome rich enough
With all the wealth of words.
Moth. It is expresst Sir
With more then can be equal'd; the ill store
Lies onely on my side, my thanks are poor.
Sir Ol. Blest be the goodness of his minde for ever,
That did redeem thy life, may it return
Upon his fortunes double! that worthy Gentleman,
Kinde Mr *Beveril!* showre upon him, Heaven,
Some unexpected happiness to requite him!
For that my joys unlook'd for; — O more kinde,
And juster far is a meer strangers goodness
Then the sophistick faith of natural sons.
Here's one cou'd juggle with me, take up the ransom,
He and his loose companion.
Sav. Say you me so Sir?
I'll eat hard Eggs for that trick:
Sir Ol. Spend the money,
And bring me home false news, and empty pockets:
In that yong gallants tongue there you were dead;
Ten weeks before this day, had not this Merchant

Brought

Brought firſt the truth in words, your ſelf in ſubſtance.

Moth. Pray let me ſtay you here, ere you proceed Sir;
Did he report me dead ſay you?

Sir Ol. Elſe you live not.

Moth. See now Sir, you may lay your blame too raſhly,
When no body look'd after it; let me tell you Sir,
A Fathers anger ſhould take great advice,
Ere it condemn fleſh of ſo dear a price.
He's no way guilty yet for that report
The general tongue of all the Countrey ſpred;
For being remov'd 'far off, I was thought dead.

Phil. Can my faith now be taken into favor Sir?
Is't worthy to be truſted?

Sav. No by my troth is't not; 'twould make ſhift to ſpend another ranſom yet.

Sir Ol. Well Sir, I muſt confeſs y'ave here dealt well with me;
And what is good in you, I love again.

Sav. Now am I half ways in, juſt to the girdle,
But the worſt part's behinde.

Sir Ol. Marry I fear me Sir,
This weather is too glorious to hold long.

Moth. I ſee no cloud to interpoſe it Sir,
If you place confidence in what I have told you.

Sir Ol. Nay 'tis clear skie on that ſide, would 'twere ſo
All over his obedience; I ſee that,
And ſo does this good Gentleman.

Moth, Do you Sir?

Sir Ol. That makes his honeſty doubtful.

Moth. I pray ſpeak Sir,
The truth of your laſt kindneſs makes me bold with you.

Dutch M. The Knight your husband, Madam,
can best speak;
He truliest can show griefs, whose heart they break.
Moth. I'm sorry yet for more, pray let me know't
Sir,
That I may help to chide him, though 'twould
grieve me.
Sir Ol. Why then prepare for't; you came over
now
In the best time to do't you could pick out:
Not onely spent my money, but to blinde me,
He and his wicked Instrument
Sav. Now he fiddles me
Sir Ol. Brings home a Minion here, by great chance
known;
Told me she was his sister, she proves none.
Moth. This was unkindly done Sir; now I'm sorry
My good opinion lost it self upon you;
You are not the same son I left behinde me,
More grace took him. — O let me end in time,
For fear I should forget my self, and chide him!
Where is he Sir? though he beguil'd your eyes,
He cannot deceive mine; we're now too hard for
him.
For since our first unfortunate separation,
I've often seen the Girl (would that were true)
By many a happy accident, many a one;
But never durst acknowledge her for mine own,
And therein stood my joys distrest again.
Sir Ol. You rehearse miseries wife! call the Maid
down.
Sav. She's been too often down to be now called
so;
She'll lie down shortly, and call some body up.
Moth. He's now to deal with one Sir that knows
truth;

He muſt be ſham'd or quit, there's no mean ſaves him.

Sir Ol. I hear her come.

Moth. You ſee how hard 'tis now
To redeem good opinion being once gone;
Be careful then, and keep it when 'tis won.
Now ſee me take a poyſon with great joy,
Which but for thy ſake, I ſhould ſwoun to touch.

Enter Grace.

Grace. What new affliction? am I ſet to ſale
For any one that bids moſt ſhame for me?

Sir Ol. Look you? do you ſee what ſtuff they've brought me home here?

Moth. Oh bleſs her eternal powers! my life, my comforts,
My nine years grief, but everlaſting joy now!
Thrice welcome to my heart; 'tis ſhe indeed.

Sir Ol. What is it?

Phil. I'm unfit to carry a ranſom.

Sav. Down on your knees to ſave your Belly harmleſs;
Ask bleſſing, though you never mean to uſe it,
But give't away preſently to a Beggar-wench.

Phil. My faith is blemiſh'd, I'm no man of truſt Sir.

Moth. Riſe with a Mothers bleſſing.

Sav. All this while ſh'as riſe with a ſons.

Sir Ol. But ſoft ye, ſoft ye wife!
I pray take heed you place your bleſſing right now.
This honeſt Dutchman here told me he ſaw her
At *Antwerp* in an Inn.

Moth. True, ſhe was ſo Sir.

Dutch M. Sir, 'tis my quality; what I ſpeak once, I affirm ever; in that Inn I ſaw her,

That

That lets her not to be your daughter now.

Sir Ol. Oh Sir, is't come to that!

Sunſ. Here's joys ne'r dreamt on!

Sir Ol. O Mr *Sunſet*, I am at the riſing
Of my refulgent happineſs! now ſon *Sandfield*,
Once more and ever!

Sandf. I am proud on't Sir.

Sir Ol. Pardon me boy, I have wrong'd thy faith too much.

Sav. Now may I leave my ſhell, and peep my head forth.

Sir Ol. Where is this *Savorwit*, that honeſt whoreſon?
That I may take my curſe from his knaves ſhoulders.

Sav. O Sir, I feel you at my very blade here,
Your curſe is ten ſtone weight, and a pound over.

Sir Ol. Come; thou'rt a witty Varlet, and a truſty.

Sav. You ſhall ſtill finde me a poor faithful fellow Sir,
If you have another ranſome to ſend over,
Or daughter to finde out.

Sir Ol. I'll do thee right boy;
I ne'r yet knew thee but ſpeak honeſt Engliſh,
Marry in Dutch I found thee a knave lately.

Sav. That was to hold you but in play a little,
Till farther truths came over, and I ſtrong;
You ſhall ne'r finde me a knave in mine own tongue:
I have more grace in me, I go out of *England*
Still when I take ſuch courſes; that ſhows modeſty Sir.

Sir Ol. Any thing full of wit, and void of harm,
I give thee pardon for, ſo was that now.

Sav. Faith now I'm quit, I finde my ſelf the nimbler
To ſerve you ſo again, and my will's good;

Like one that lately ſhook off his old Irons,
And cuts a purſe at Bench, to deſerve new ones.
Sir Ol. Since it holds all the way ſo fortunate ſtill,
And ſtrikes ſo even with my firſt belief,
This is the Gentleman wife, yong Mr *Sandfield* here,
A man of worthy parts beſide his Lands,
Whom I make choice of for my daughters Bed:
Sav. But he'll make choice there of another Bed-fellow.
Moth. I wiſh 'em both the happineſs of love Sir:
Sir Ol. 'Twas ſpoke like a good Lady——
And your memory can reach it wife; but 'tis ſo long ago too.
Old Mr *Sunſet* he had a yong daughter
When you unluckily left *England* ſo,
And much about the age of our Girl there;
For both were nurs'd together.
Moth. 'Tis ſo freſh
In my remembrance, now y'have wakned it,
As if twelve years were but a twelve hours dream.
Sir Ol. That Girl is now a proper Gentlewoman,
As fine a body wife, as ere was meaſured
With an Indenture cut in farthing ſteaks.
Sunſ. O ſay not ſo Sir *Oliver*, you ſhall pardon me Sir.
Y'faith Sir you are too blame.
Sir Ol. Sings, dances, plays,
Touches an Inſtrument with a Motherly Grace.
Sunſ. 'Tis your own daughter that you mean that by.
Sav. There's open Dutch indeed, and he could take it:
Sir Ol. This wench under your leave?
Sunſ. You have my love in't.
Sir Ol. Is my ſons wife that ſhall be.

Sav.

Sav. Thus I'd hold with't;
Is your ſons wife that ſhould be Mr *Sandfields?*
Moth. I come in happy time to a feaſt of marriages.
Sir. Ol. And now you put's i'th' minde, the hour draws on
At the new married Widows there we're look'd for;
There will be entertainments, ſports, and banquets;
There theſe yong lovers ſhall clap hands together,
The ſeed of one feaſt ſhall bring forth another.
Sunſ. Well ſaid Sir *Oliver.*
Sir Ol. Y'are a ſtranger Sir,
Your welcome will be beſt.
Dutch M. Good Sir excuſe me:
Sir Ol. You ſhall along y'faith, you muſt not refuſe me. *Exit.*
Manent Mother, Siſter, Philip, *and* Savorwit.
Phil. O Mother! theſe new joys that ſets my ſoul up,
Which had no means, nor any hope of any,
Has brought me now ſo far in debt to you,
I know not which way to begin to thank you.
I am ſo loſt in all, I cannot gheſs
Which of the two my ſervice moſt conſtrains,
Your laſt kinde goodneſs, or your firſt deer pains.
Moth. Love is a Mothers duty to a ſon,
As a ſons duty is both love and fear.
Sav. I ow you a poor life Madam, that's all;
Pray call for't when you pleaſe, it ſhall be ready for you.
Moth. Make much on't Sir till then.
Sav. If Butter'd Sack will——
Moth. Me thinks the more I look upon her ſon,
The more thy ſiſters face runs in my minde.
Phil. Belike ſhe's ſomewhat like her—— It makes the better Madam.

Moth. Was *Antwerp*, ſay you, the firſt place you found her in?

Phil. Yes Madam: Why do you ask?

Moth. Whoſe daughter were you?

Grace. I know not rightly whoſe, to ſpeak truth Madam.

Sav. The Mother of her was a good twigger the whilſt.

Moth. No: with whom were you brought up then?

Grace. With thoſe Madam,
To whom (I've often heard) the enemy ſold me.

Moth. What's that?

Grace. Too often have I heard this piteous ſtory
Of a diſtreſſed Mother I had once,
Whoſe comfortable ſight I loſt at Sea;
But then the years of childhood took from me
Both the remembrance of her, and the ſorrows.

Moth. Oh I begin to feel her in my blood!
My heart leaps to be at her; — What was that Mother?

Grace. Some ſaid an Engliſh Lady; — But I know not.

Moth. What's thy name?

Grace. *Grace.*

Moth. May it be ſo in Heaven,
For thou art mine on Earth; welcome dear childe
Unto thy Fathers houſe, thy Mothers arms,
After thy forein ſorrows.

Sav. 'Twill prove gallant!

Moth. What ſon! ſuch earneſt work — I bring thee joy now
Will make the reſt ſhow nothing, 'tis ſo glorious.

Phil. Why 'tis not poſſible, Madam, that mans happineſs
Should take a greater height then mine aſpires.

Moth.

Moth: No, now you ſhall confeſs it, this ſhall quit thee
From all fears preſent, or hereafter doubts
About this buſineſs ——
Phil. Give me that ſweet Mother.
Moth. Here take her then, and ſet thine arms a work,
There needs no 'fection, 'tis indeed thy ſiſter.
Phil. My ſiſter !
Sav. Cuds me, I feel the razor !
Moth. Why, how now ſon? how comes a change ſo ſoon ?
Phil. Oh, I beſeech you Mother, wound me any where,
But where you pointed laſt: That's preſent death.
Deviſe ſome other miſerable torment,
Though ne'r ſo pittileſs, and I'll run and meet it.
Some way more merciful let your goodneſs think on;
May ſteal away my joys, but ſave my ſoul ;
I'll willingly reſtore back every one
Upon that milde condition any thing
But what you ſpake laſt, will be comfortable.
Moth. Y'are troubled with ſtrange fits in *England* here :
Your firſt ſuit to me did entreat me hardly,
To ſay 'twas ſhe, to have old wrath appeas'd ;
And now 'tis known your ſiſter, y'are not pleas'd.
How ſhould I ſhow my ſelf !
Phil. Say 'tis not ſhe.
Moth. Shall I deny my daughter ?
Phil. O you kill me,
Beyond all tortures !
Moth. Why do you deal thus with me !
Phil. She is my wife, I married her at *Antwerp* ;
I have known the way unto her Bed theſe three moneths.

Sav. And that's too much by twelve weeks for a ſiſter.

Moth. I underſtand you now, too ſoon, too plain.

Phil. O Mother, if you love my peace for ever,
Examine her again, finde me not guilty.

Moth. 'Tis now too late, her words make that too true.

Phil. Her words! ſhall bare words overthrow a ſoul?
A body is not caſt away ſo lightly.
How can you know 'tis ſhe? let Senſe decide it,
She then ſo young, and both ſo long divided.

Moth. She tells me the ſad ſtory.

Phil. Does that throw me?
Many a diſtreſs may have the face of yours,
That never was kin to you.

Moth. But however Sir,
I truſt you are not married.

Phil. Here's the witneſs,
And all the wealth I had with her; this Ring
That joyn'd our hearts together.

Moth Oh too clear now!
Thou'dſt brought in evidence to o'rthrow thy ſelf,
Had no one word been ſpoke, only this ſhown
T'had been enough to approv'd her for mine own;
See here two Letters that begun my name,
Before I knew thy Father, this I gave her,
And as a Jewel faſtned to her ear.

Grace. Pardon me Mother, that you finde it ſtray,
I kept it till I gave my heart away.

Phil. Oh to what Mountain ſhall I take my flight,
To hide the monſter of my ſin from ſight!

Sav. I'll to *Wales* preſently, there's the beſt Hills
To hide a poor knave in.

Moth. Oh heap not deſperation upon guilt!
Repent yet, and all's ſav'd; 'twas but hard chance;

Amongſt

Amongſt all ſins, Heaven pities ignorance,
She's ſtill the firſt that has her pardon ſign'd,
All ſins elſe ſee their faults, ſhe's onely blinde.
Go to thy Chamber, pray, leave off, and win,
One hours repentance cures a twelve moneths ſin.
Exit cum Filia.

Grace. O my diſtreſſed husband, my dear Brother!

Phil. O *Savorwit*! never came ſorrow yet
To mankinde like it; I'm ſo far diſtreſt,
I've no time left to give my heart attendance,
Too little all to wait upon my ſoul!
Before this tempeſt came, how well I ſtood,
Full in the beams of bleſſedneſs and joy!
The memory of man, could never ſay
So black a ſtorm fell in ſo bright a day:
I am that man that ev'n life ſurfeits of;
Or if to live, unworthy to be ſeen
By the ſavage eye-ſight; give's thy hand;
Commend me to thy prayers.

Sav Next time I ſay 'em

Phil Farewel my honeſt breſt, that craveſt no more
Then poſſible kindneſs, that I've found thee large in,
And I muſt ask no more; there Wit muſt ſtay,
It cannot paſs, where Fate ſtops up the way.
Joy thrive with thee; I'll never ſee thee more.

Sav. What's that Sir! pray come back, and bring thoſe words with you,
You ſhall not carry 'em ſo out of my company:
There's no laſt refuge, when your Father knows it;
There's no ſuch need on't yet, ſtay but till then,
And take one with you that will imitate you
In all the deſperate On-ſets man dare think on.
Were it to challenge all the Wolves in *France*,
To meet at one ſet battel, I'ld be your half in't.
All Beaſts of Venome, — what you had a minde to,

Your

Your part ſhould be took ſtill: For ſuch a day
Let's keep our ſelves in heart, then am I for you.
In the mean time to beat off all ſuſpition,
Let's to the Bridehouſe too ——here's my Petition.

Phil. Thou haſt a learning art when all hopes flie;
Let one night waſte, there's time enough left to die.

Sav. A minute's as good as a thouſand year Sir,
To pink a mans heart like a Summer ſuit. *Exeunt.*

Enter two or three Servants placing things in order, with Pickadille *the Clown like an Overſeer.*

Clow. Beſtir your bones nimbly, you Ponderous Beef-buttock'd Knaves; what a number of lazy Hindes do I keep company withal? where's the fleſh-colour Velvet Cuſhion now, for my Ladies Peaſe-porridge-tawny Sattin-bum? you attendants upon Revels!

1 *Serv* You can prate and domineer well, becauſe you have a priviledge place; but I'd fain ſee you ſet your hand to't.

Clow. O baſe bone-pickers, I ſet my hand to't! when did you ere ſee a Gentleman ſet his hand to any thing, unleſs it were to a ſheep-skin, and receive a hundred pound for his pains.

2 *Serv.* And afterward lie in the Counter for his pleaſure.

Clow. Why true, Sir, 'tis for his pleaſure indeed; for ſpight of all their teeths, he may lie i'th' Hole when he lift.

1 *Serv.* Marry and ſhould for me.

Clow. I, thou wouldſt make as good a Baud as the beſt Jailor of them all; I know that.

1 *Serv.* How? Fool!

Clow. Hark! I muſt call you Knave within, 'tis but ſtaying ſomewhat the longer for't. *Exeunt.*

Lond

Loud Muſick.

Enter the new married Widow, and Kate *her Husband, both changed in Apparel, Arm in arm together; after them Sir* Oliver Twilight, *Mr* Sunſet, *and the Dutch Merchant; after them the Mother,* Grace *the daughter ſad, with* Jane Sunſet; *after theſe, melancholy* Philip, Savorwit, *and Mr* Sandfield.

Mrs Low. This fair Aſſembly is moſt freely welcome.
All. Sir Ol Thanks to you good Sir.
Wid. Come my long wiſht for Madam,
You and this worthy ſtranger take beſt welcome,
Your freedom is a ſecond feaſt to me.
Mrs Low. How is't with my brother?
Mr Low. The fit holds him ſtill;
Nay, Love's more violent.
Mrs Low. 'Laſs poor Gentleman! I would he had my office without money;
If he ſhould offer any, I'd refuſe it.
Mr Low. I have the Letter ready:
He's worthy of a place that knows how to uſe it.
Mrs Low. That's well ſaid, ——Come Ladies, Gentlemen; Sir *Oliver*, good, ſeat your ſelves; ſhall we be found unreadieſt? ——What is yon Gentleman with the Funeral-face there? me thinks that look does ill become a Bride-houſe?
Sir Oliv. Who does your worſhip mean Sir? my ſon *Philip?*
I am ſure he had ne'r leſs reaſon to be ſad:
Why are you ſad ſon *Philip?*
Phil. How Sir, ſad!
You ſhall not finde it ſo Sir.

Sav.

Sav. Take heed he do not then— You muſt beware how you carry your face in this company; as far as I can ſee, that yong Bridegroom has Hauks-eyes, he'll go nigh to ſpell ſiſter in your face, if your Noſe were but crooked enough to ſerve for an *S.* he'd finde an eye preſently, and then he has more light for the reſt.

Phil. I'll learn then to diſſemble.

Sav. Nay and you be to learn that now, you'll ne'r ſit in a Brancht Velvet-gown as long as you live; you ſhould have took that at Nurſe, before your Mother wean'd you; ſo do all thoſe that prove great children, and batten well: Peace, here comes a Scholar indeed, he has learnt it I warrant you.

Enter Mr Beveril *with a Paſtboord.*

Wid. Kinde Sir, your welcome, you take all the pains Sir.

Bev. I wiſh they were but worthy of the grace
Of your fair preſence, and this choice Aſſembly.
Here is an abſtract, Madam, of what's ſhown,
Which I commend to your Favor.

Wid. Thank you for't Sir.

Bev. I would I durſt preſent my love as boldly:

Mrs Low. My honeſt Brother!

Wid. Look thee here Sweet-heart.

Mrs Low. What's there ſweet Madam?

Bev. Muſick, and we're ready.

Loud Muſick a while.

A Thing like a Globe opens of one ſide o'th' Stage, and flaſhes out Fire, then Sir Gilbert *that preſents the part, iſſues forth with Yellow-hair and Beard, intermingled with ſtroaks like wilde flames, a three forked*

forked Fire in's hand; and at the ſame time Air comes down, hanging by a cloud, with a Coat made like an Almanack, all the Twelve Moons ſet in it, and the Four Quarters, Winter, Spring, Summer, and Autumn, with change of Weathers, Rain, Lightning, and Tempeſt, &c.

And from under the Stage at both ends, ariſes Water and Earth, two perſons; Water with green flags upon his head, ſtanding up inſtead of hair; and a Beard of the ſame, with a Chain of Pearl. Earth with a number of little things like Trees, like a thick Grove upon his head, and a wedg of Gold in his hand, his Garment of a Clay colour.

The Fire ſpeaking firſt, the Scholar ſtands behinde, give's him the firſt word, which he now follows.

Bev. The Flame of Zeal—

FIRE.

Sir Gilb. The wicked Fire of Luſt,
Does now ſpred heat through Water, Air, and Duſt.

Bev. How? he's out in the beginning — The Wheel of Time.

Weath. The Devil ſet Fire o'th' Diſtaff.

Sir Gilb. I that was wont in elder times to paſs
For a bright Angel, ſo they cal'd me then,
Now ſo corrupted with the upſtart Fires
Of Avarice, Luxury, and Inconſtant heats,
Struck from the bloods of cunning Clap-ſain Daughters,
Night-walking Wives, but moſt libidinous Widows,
That I that purifie ev'n Gold it ſelf,
Have the contemptible Droſs thrown in my face,
And my bright name walk common in diſgrace.
How am I us'd alate, that I am ſo handled,
Thruſt into Alleys, Hoſpitals, and Tubs!

I was once a name of comfort, warm'd great houſes
When Charity was Landlord, I have given welcome
To forty Ruſſet Yeomen at a time,
In a fair *Chriſtmas*-Hall. How am I chang'd!
The Chimneys are ſwept up, the Hearth as cold
As the Fore-fathers Charity in the Sun.
All the good hoſpitable heat now turns
To my yong Landlords Luſt, and there it burns.
Rich Widows that were wont to chuſe by Gravity
Their ſecond Husbands, not by tricks of Blood,
Are now ſo taken with loſe Aretine Flames
Of nimble wantonneſs, and high-fed Pride,
They marry now but the third part of Husbands,
Boys, ſmooth fac'd Katamites, to fulfil their Bed,
As if a woman ſhould a woman wed.
Theſe are the Fires alate, my brightneſs darks,
And fills the world ſo full of beggerly Sparks,

Bev. Heat! how am I diſgrac'd? what rogue ſhould this be?

Wid. By my faith Monſieur Fire, y'are a hot whoreſon.

Mrs Low. I fear my Brother is beſide his wits,
He would not be ſo ſenſeleſs to rail thus elſe.

AIR.

Weath. After this heat, you Madams, fat and fair,
Open your Caſements wide, and take in Air;
But not that Air falſe women make up oaths with.
No, nor that Air gallants perfume their cloaths with;
I am that Air that keeps about the Clouds,
None of my Kinred was ſmelt out in Crouds,
Not any of our houſe was ever tainted,
When many a thouſand of our foes have fainted.
Yet ſome there are that be my cheif poluters,
Widows that falſifie their Faith to Suiters,
And will give fair words when the Signs in *Cancer*,

But at the next remove a ſcurvy anſwer,
Come to the poor mens houſes, eat their Banquet,
And at night, with a Boy toſt in a Blanquet.
Nay, ſhall I come more near? Perhaps at noon,
For here I finde a ſpot full in the Moon.
I know youths trick, what's ſhe that can withſtand it,
When *Mercury* raigns, my Ladies Chamber Planet?
He that believes a Widows words ſhall fail,
When *Venus* Gown-skirts ſweeps the Dragons tail.
Fair weather the firſt day ſhe makes to any,
The ſecond cloudy, and the third day rainy;
The fourth day a great ſtorm, Lightning, and Thunder;
A Bolt ſtrikes the Suitor, a Boy keeps her under.

Bev. Life! theſe are ſome counterfeit ſlaves crept in their rooms,
A purpoſe for diſgrace; they ſhall all ſhare with me.
Heart! who the Devil ſhould theſe be?

Exit Beveril.

Wid. My faith Gentlemen,
Air has perfum'd the room well.

Sir Ol. So me thinks, Madam.

Sav. A man may ſmell her meaning two rooms off,
Though his Noſe wanted Reparations,
And the Bridge left at *Shoreditch* as a Pledge
For *Roſa Solace*, in a Bleaking-houſe.

Mrs Low. Life! what ſhould be his meaning in't?

Mr Low. I wonder.

WATER.

Overd. Me thinks this room ſhould yet retain ſuch heat,
Struck out from the firſt Ardor, and ſo glow yet;
You ſhould deſire my company, wiſh for Water,

That

That offers here to ſerve your ſeveral Pipes,
Without conſtriant of Mill, or death of Water-houſe.
What if I ſprinkled on the Widows Cheeks
A few cool drops to l y the guilty heat,
That fl ſhes from her Con cience to her face;
Would't not refreſh her ſhame? From ſuch as ſhe
I firſt took weakneſs and inconſtancy;
I ſome imes ſwell above my banks and ſpred;
They're commonly with childe, before they're wed:
In me the Syrens ſing before they play,
In her more witchcraft, for her ſmiles betray;
Where I'm leſt ſeen, there my moſt danger lies,
So in thoſe parts hid moſt from a mans eyes:
Her heart, her love, or what may be more cloſe,
I know no mercy, ſhe thinks that no loſs:
In her poor g llants, Pirats thrive in me;
I help to catt away, and ſo doe ſhe.

Wid. Nay, and you can hold nothing ſweet Sir *Water*,
I'll waſh my hands a'you, ever hereafter.

EARTH.

Peppert. Earth ſtands for a Full-point, me you ſhould hire
To ſtop the gaps of Water, Air and Fire;
I love muck well, but your firſt husband better.
Above his ſoul he lov'd it as his end
Did fearfully witneſs it; at his laſt gaſp
His ſpirit fl m'd, as it forſook his Breſt,
And left the ſpa kles quarrelling 'bout his Lips:
Now of ſuch Metral the Devil makes him Whips.
He ſhall have Gold enough to glut his Soul;
And as for Earth, I'll ſtop his Cranes-throat full.
The wea lth he left behinde him, moſt men know,
He wrung inconſcionably from the rights
Of poor mens livings, he drunk dry their brows.

That

That Liquor has a curſe, yet nothing ſweeter;
When your poſterity drinks, then 'twill taſte bitter.

Sir Gilb. And now to vex, 'gainſt Nature, Form, Rule, Place,
See once four waiting Elements all embrace.

Enter four at ſeveral corners, addreſt like the four Winds, with Wings, &c. and dance all to the Drum and Fiff; the four Elements ſeem to give back, and ſtand in amaze; the South Wind has a great red face, the North wind a pale bleak one, the Weſtern wind one cheek red, and another white, and ſo the Eaſtern wind; at the end of the dance, the Winds ſhove off the diſguiſes of the other four, which ſeem to yeeld and almoſt fall off of themſelves at the coming of the Winds; ſo all the four old Suiters are diſcovered. Exeunt all the Winds but one, which is the Schollar in that diſguiſe, ſo ſhows all.

Wid. How? Sir *Gilbert Lambſton*, Mr *Overdon*,
All our old Suiters! you have took pains my Maſters.

Sir Gilb. We made a vow we'd ſpeak our mindes to you.

Weath. And I think we're as good as our words, though it coſt ſome of our purſes; I ow money for the Clouds yet, I care not who knows it; the Planets are ſufficient enough to pay the Painter, and I were dead.

Wid. Who are you Sir?

Bev. Your moſt unworthy ſervant.

Wid. Pardon me, is't you Sir?

Bev. My diſgrace urg'd my wit to take ſome form,
Wherein I might both beſt and properlieſt

Diſcover my abuſers, and your own,
And ſhow you ſome content, before y'had none.
Wid. Sir, I ow much both to your care and love,
And you ſhall finde your full requital worthy.
Was this the plot now your poor envy works out?
I do revenge my ſelf with pittying on you:
Take *Fire* into the Buttery, he has moſt need on't,
Give *Water* ſome ſmall Beer, too good for him;
Air, you may walk abroad like a Fortune-teller,
But take down *Earth*, and make him drink i'th' Cel-
ler.
Mrs Low. The beſt revenge that could be.
Moth. I commend you Madam.
Sir Ol. I thought they were ſome ſuch ſneakers.
Sav. The four Suiters! and here was a meſs o
mad Elements.
Mrs Low. Lights, more lights there; where be
theſe Blew-coats?
Wid. You know your lodgings Gentlemen to
night.
Sir Ol. 'Tis bounty makes bold gueſts, Madam.
Wid Good reſt Lady.
Sir Ol. A moſt contentful night, begin a health
Madam
To your long joys, and may the years go round
with't——
Wid. As many thanks as you have wiſht 'em
hours Sir,
Take to your lodging with you.
Mrs Low. A general reſt to all. *Exeunt.*
Phil. I'm excepted.
Sav. Take in another to you then, there's room
enough.
In that exception, faith to ſerve us both.
The Dial of my ſleep goes by your eyes. *Exit.*
Manent Widow and Mrs Low-water.

Act 5. Scæn 1.

Widow and Mrs Low-water.

Wid. NOw like a greedy Uſurer alone,
I ſum up all the wealth this day has brought me;
And thus I hug it.
Mrs Low. Prethee!
Wid. Thus I kiſs it.
Mrs Low. I can't abide theſe kiſſings.
Wid. How Sir? not?
I'll try that ſure, I'll kiſs you out of that humor.
Mrs Low. Puſh, by my troth I cannot.
Wid What cannot you Sir?
Mrs Low. Not toy, nor bill and imitate Houſe-Pigeons,
A married man muſt think of other matters.
Wid. How, other matters Sir! what other matters?
Mrs Low. Why are there no other matters that belong to't?
Do you think y'have married onely a Cock-ſparrow?
And fit but for one buſineis, like a fool;
You ſhall not finde it ſo.
Wid. You can talk ſtrangely Sir,
Come, will you to bed?
Mrs Low. No faith will not I.
Wid. What not to bed Sir?
Mrs Low. And I do, hang me; not to bed with you.
Wid. How not to bed with me! Sir with whom elſe?

Mrs Low: Why am not I enough to lie with my
self?
Wid. Is that the end of marriage?
Mrs Low. No by my faith—'tis but the begin-
ning, yet death is the end on't,
Unleſs ſome trick come i'th' middle and daſh all.
Wid. Were you ſo forward lately, and ſo youth-
ful,
That ſcarce my modeſt ſtrength could ſave me from
you,
And are you now ſo cold?
Mrs Low. I've thought on't ſince,
It was but a rude part in me y'faith
To offer ſuch bold tricks to any woman,
And by degrees I ſhall well break my ſelf from't;
I feel my ſelf well chaſtned ſince that time,
And not the third part now ſo looſely minded.
O when one ſees their follies, 'tis a comfort;
My very thoughts take more ſtaid years upon 'em.
Oh marriage is ſuch a ſerious divine thing,
It makes youth grave, and ſweetly nips the Spring.
Wid. If I had choſe a Gentleman for care
And worldly buſineſs, I had ne'r took you;
I had the offers of enough, more fit
For ſuch employment; I choſe you for love;
Youth, and content of heart, and not for troubles:
You are not ripe for them; after y'have ſpent
Some twenty years in dalliance, youths affairs,
Then take a Book in your hand, and ſum up cares;
As for wealth now, you know that's got to your
hands.
Mrs Low. But had I known't had been ſo wrong-
fully got,
As I heard ſince, you ſhould have had free leave
To have made choice of another Maſter for't.
Wid. Why, can that trouble you?

Mrs Low. It may too ſoon; but go,
My ſleeps are ſound, I love not to be ſtarted
With an ill conſcience at the fall of midnight,
And have mine eyes torn ope with poor mens curſes,
I do not like the fate on't, 'tis ſtill apt
To breed unreſt, diſſention, wilde debate,
And I'm the worſt at quarrels upon Earth,
Unleſs a mighty injury ſhould provoke me.
Get you to bed, go.

Wid. Not without you in troth Sir.

Mrs Low. If you could think how much you wrong your ſelf
In my opinion of you, you would leave me now
With all the ſpeed you might; I like you worſe
For this fond heat, and drink in more ſuſpition of you.
You high-fed Widows are too cunning people
For a poor Gentleman to come ſimply to.

Wid. What's that Sir?

Mrs Low. You may make a youth on him,
'Tis at your courteſie, and that's ill truſted:
You could not want a friend, beſide a Suiter,
To ſit in your husbands gown, and look over your writings.

Wid. What's this?

Mrs Low. I ſay there is a time when women
Can do too much, and underſtand too little.
Once more to bed, I'd willingly be a Father
To no more Noſes then I got my ſelf;
And ſo good night to you.

Wid. Now I ſee the infection,
A yellow poyſon runs through the ſweet Spring
Of his fair youth already, 'tis diſtracted;
Jealous of that which Thought yet never acted.
O dear Sir! on my knees I ſwear to thee.

Mrs Low. I prethee uſe them in thy private Chamber,
As a good Lady ſhould, ſpare 'em not there,
'Twill do thee good, faith none 'twill do thee here
Wid. Have I yet married poverty, and muſt love;
What Fortune has my heart? that's all I crav'd,
And that lies now a dying; it has took
A ſpeeding poyſon, and I'm ignorant; how!
I never knew what beggery was, till now:
My wealth yeelds me no comfort in this plight,
Had want but brought me love, I'd happen'd right.
Exit Widow.

Mrs Low. So, this will ſerve now for a preparative
To ope the powers of ſome diſlike at firſt;
The Phyſick will pay't home. —— How doſt thou Sir?
How goes the work?

Enter Mr Low-water.

Mr Low. Your Brother has the Letter.
Mrs Low. I finde no ſtop in't then, it moves well hitherto,
Did you convey it cloſely.
Mr Low. He ne'r ſet eye of me.
Bev. I cannot read too often. *Above.*
Mrs Low. Peace, to your office——
Bev. What bleſſed fate took pitty of my heart,
But with her preſence to relieve me thus!
All the large volumes that my time hath maſter'd,
Are not ſo precious to adorn my ſpirit,
As theſe few lines are to inrich my minde.
I thirſt again to drink of the ſame Fountain ——

Kinde

KInde Sir, I found your care and love ſo much in the performance of a little, wherein your wit and art had late employment, that I dare now truſt your boſome with buſineſs of more weight and eminence: Little thought the world, that ſince the Wedding dinner, all my mirth was but diſſembled, and ſeeming joys but counterfeit. The truth to you Sir is, I finde ſo little ſigns of content in the bargain I made i'th' morning, that I began to repent before Evening Prayer, and to ſhew ſome fruits of his wilful neglect, and wilde diſpoſition, more then the day could bring forth to me, has now forſook my Bed, I know no cauſe for't.

Mrs Low. But I'll beſworn I do:

Bev. *Being thus diſtreſt Sir, I deſire your comfortable preſence and councel, whom I know to be of worth, and judgment; that a Lady may ſafely impart her griefs to you, and commit 'em to the Vertues of Commiſeration, and Secrecy.*

Your unfortunate Friend
The Widow Wife.

I have took order for your private admittance
With a truſty ſervant of mine own, whom I have
Plac'd at my Chamber-door to attend your coming,
He ſhall not wait too long and curſe my ſlowneſs.

Mr Low. I would you'd come away then.

Bev. How much am I beguil'd in that yong Gentleman!
I would have ſworn had been the perfect abſtract
Of honeſty and mildneſs: 'Tis not ſo——

Mrs Low. I pardon you ſweet Brother, there's no hold
Of what you ſpeak now, y'are in *Cupids* pound.

Bev. Bleſt be the ſecret hand that brought thee hither;

But the dear hand that writ it, ten times bleſt.

Mr Low. That's I ſtill, has bleſt me now ten times at twice.

Away I hear him coming.

Mrs Low. Strike it ſure now ? *Exit.*

Mr Low. I warrant thee ſweet *Kate*, chuſe your beſt ——

Enter Mr Beveril.

Bev. Who's there?

Mr Low. O Sir, is't you ! y'are welcome then,
My Lady ſtill expects you Sir.

Bev. Who's with her ?

Mr Low. Not any creature living Sir.

Bev. Drink that,
I've made thee wait too long.

Mr Low. It does not ſeem ſo now Sir. Sir if a man
Tread warily as any wiſe man will,
How often may he come to a Ladies Chamber, and be welcome to her ?

Bev. Thou giv'ſt me learned councel for a Cloſet.

Mr Low. Make uſe on't Sir, and you ſhall finde no loſs in't.
So, you are ſurely in, and you muſt under.

Enter Kate *with all the Gueſts, Sir* Oliver, *Mr* Sunſet, *Wife, Daughter,* Philip, Sandfield, *and* Savorwit.

Mrs Low. Pardon my rude diſturbance, my wrongs urge it,
I did but try the plainneſs of her minde,
Suſpecting ſhe dealt cunningly with my youth,
And told her the firſt night, I would not know her;

But

But minding to return, I found the door
Warded ſuſpitiouſly, and I heard a noiſe;
Such as fear makes, and guiltineſs at th'approaching
Of an unlook'd for husband.

All. This is ſtrange Sir.

Mrs Low. Behold its bard, I muſt not be kept out.

Sir Ol. There is no reaſon Sir.

Mrs Low. I'll be reſolv'd in't.

If you be ſons of honor, follow me. { *Break open door, ruſh in.*

Sav. Then muſt I ſtay behinde, for I think I was begot i'th' Woodyard, and that makes every thing go ſo hard with me.

Enter confuſedly with the Widow, and her Brother the Schollar.

Mrs Low. That's he, be ſure on him: *Within.*

Sir Ol. Be not ſo furious Sir.

Mrs Low. She whiſpered to him to ſlip into her Cloſet.

What have I taken you? is not my dream true now?
Unmerciful Adultereſs, the firſt night!

Sir Ol. Nay good Sir patience.

Mrs Low. Give me the Villains heart,
That I may throw't into her boſom quick,
There let the Letcher pant.

Moth. Nay ſweet Sir.

Mrs Low. Pardon me;
His life's too little for me.

Wid. How am I wrongfully ſham'd? ſpeak your intent Sir
Before this company, I purſue no pity.

Mrs Low. This is a fine theeviſh juggling, Gentlemen!

She

She asks her mate that ſhares in guilt with her. Too groſs, too groſs!

Bev. Raſh miſcheif.

Mrs Low. Treacherous Sir!

Did I for this caſt a friends arm about thee?
Gave thee the welcome of a worthy ſpirit,
And lodg'd thee in my houſe, nay, entertain'd thee
More like a natural Brother, then a ſtranger;
And have I this reward? Perhaps the pride
Of thy good parts, did lift thee to this impudence.
Let her make much on 'em, ſhe gets none of me.
Becauſe thou'rt deeply read in moſt Books elſe,
Thou wouldſt be ſo in mine; there it ſtands for thee,
Turn ore the leaves, and where you left, go forward.
To me it ſhall be like the Book of Fate,
Ever claſpt up.

Sir Ol. O dear Sir, ſay not ſo.

Mrs Low. Nay I'll ſwear more; for ever I refuſe her,
I'll never ſet a foot into her bed;
Never perform the duty of man to her,
So long as I have breath.

Sir Ol. What an oath was there Sir? call't again.

Mrs Low. I knew by amorous ſparks ſtruck from their eyes,
The fire would appear ſhortly in a blaze;
And now it flames indeed. —— Out of my houſe,
And take your Gentleman of good parts along with you;
That ſhall be all your ſubſtance;
He can live in any Emperors Court in Chriſtendom.
You know what you did Wench, when you choſe him
To thruſt out me; you have no politick love,
You are to learn to make your market; you,
You can chuſe wit, a burden light and free,

And

And leave the groſſer Element with me.
Wealth, fooliſh traſh, I thank you, out of my doors.

Sir Ol. Nay good Sir, hear her.

Moth. Sunſ. Sweet Sir.

Mrs Low. Pray to your Chambers Gentlemen, I ſhould be here
Maſter of what is mine.

Sir Ol. Hear her but ſpeak Sir?

Mrs Low. What can ſhe ſpeak but womans common language?
She's ſorry and aſham'd for't that helps nothing;

Wid. Sir, ſince it is the hard hap of my life
To receive injury where I plac'd my love.

Mrs Low. Why la, I told you what eſcapes ſhe'd have.

Sir Ol. Nay pray Sir hear her forward.

Wid. Let our parting be full as charitable as our meeting was,
That the pale envious world, glad of the food
Of others miſeries, civil diſſentions,
And nuptial ſtrifes, may not feed fat with ours.
But ſince you are reſolv'd ſo wilfully
To leave my Bed, and ever to refuſe me,
As by your rage I finde it your deſire,
(Though all my actions deſerve nothing leſs)
Here are our friends, men both of worth and wiſdom,
Place ſo much power in them, to make an evenneſs
Between my peace and yours: All my wealth within doors
In Gold and Jewels, lie in thoſe two Caskets
I lately led you to; the value of which
Amounts to ſome five thouſand apeece;
Exchange a charitable hand with me,
And take one Casket freely, fare thee well Sir.

Sir

Sir Ol. How ſay you to that now?
Mrs Low. Troth I thank her Sir!
Are not both mine already? ——You ſhall wrong me,
And then make ſatisfaction with mine own;
I cannot blame you; a good courſe for you——
Wid. I know 'twas not my luck to be ſo happy;
My miſeries are no ſtarters when they come,
Stick longer by me.
Sir Ol. Nay, but give me leave Sir,
The wealth comes all by her.
Mrs Low. So does the ſhame,
Yet that's moſt mine; why ſhould not that be too?
Sir Ol. Sweet Sir, let us rule ſo much with you,
Since you intend an obſtinate ſeparation,
Both from her Bed and boord, give your conſent
To ſome agreement reaſonable and honeſt.
Mrs Low. Muſt I deal honeſtly with her Luſt?
Moth. Nay good Sir.
Mrs Low. Why I tell you all the wealth her husband left her,
Is not of power to purchaſe the dear peace
My heart has loſt in theſe adulterous Seas;
Yet let her works be baſe, mine ſhall be noble.
Sir Ol. That's the beſt word of comfort I heard yet.
Mrs Low. Friends may do much. ——Go, bring thoſe Caskets forth,
I hate her ſight, I'll leave her, though I loſe by't.
Sir Ol. Spoke like a Noble Gentleman y'faith;
I'll honor thee for this——
Bev. O curſed man!
Muſt thy raſh heat force this diviſion?
Mrs Low. You ſhall have free leave now, without all fear;
You ſhall not need oyl'd hinges, privy paſſages,
Watchings,

Watchings, and whiſperings; take him boldly to you.

Wid. O that I had that freedom, ſince my ſhame
Puts by all other fortunes, and owns him.
A worthy Gentleman, if this cloud were paſt him,
I'd marry him, wer't but to ſpight thee onely,
So much I hate thee now.

Enter Servants with two Caskets, and the Suiters.

Sir Oliver. Here come the Caskets Sir, hold your good minde now,
And we ſhall make a vertuous end between you.

Mrs Low. Though nothing leſs ſhe merit but a curſe,
That might ſtill hang upon her, and conſume her ſtill;
As t'has been many a better womans fortune
That has deſerv'd leſs vengeance, and felt more;
Yet my minde ſcorns to leave her ſhame ſo poor.

Sir Ol. Nobly ſpoke ſtill.

Sir Gilb. This ſtrikes me into Muſick, Ha, ha.

Peppert. Parting of goods before the bodies joyn?

Weath. This 'tis to marry beardleſs domineering Boys: I knew 'twould come to this paſs; well ſare a juſt Almanack yet; for now is *Mercury* going into the ſecond houſe near unto *Urſa major*, that great Huncks, the Bear at the Bridge foot in Heaven; which ſhows horrible Bear-baitings in wedlock; and the Sun nere entring into th'Dog, ſets 'em all together by th'ears.

Sir Ol. You ſee what's in't.

Mrs Low. I think 'tis as I left it.

Wid. Then do but gage your faith to this aſſembly.

That

That you will nere return more to moleſt me,
But reſt in all revenges full appeas'd,
And amply ſatisfied with that half my wealth,
And take't as freely as life wiſhes health.

Sir Ol. La you Sir; come, come, faith you ſhall ſwear that.

Mrs Low. Nay Gentlemen for your ſakes, now I'll deal fairly with her.

Sir Ol. I would we might ſee that Sir.

Mrs Low. I could ſet her free,
But now I think on't, ſhe deſerves it not.

Sunſ. Nay do not check your goodneſs, pray Sir, on with't.

Mrs Low. I could releaſe her, ere I parted with her;
But 'twere a curteſie ill plac'd, and ſet her
At as free liberty to marry again,
As you all know ſhe was before I knew her.

Sir Ol. What couldſt thou Sir?

Mrs Low. But 'tis too good a bleſſing for her.
Up with the Casket Sirrah.

Wid. O Sir ſtay!

Mrs Low. I have nothing to ſay to you.

Sir Ol. Do you hear Sir?
Pray let's have one word more with you for our money.

Wid. Since y'have expos'd me to all ſhame and ſorrow,
And made me fit but for one hope and fortune,
Bearing my former comforts away with you
Show me a parting charity but in this,
For all my loſſes pay me with that freedom,
And I ſhall think this treaſure as well given
As ever 'twas ill got:

Mrs Low. I might afford it you,
Becauſe I never mean to be more troubled with you.

But

But how ſhall I be ſure of the honeſt uſe on't,
How you'll employ that liberty? perhaps ſinfully,
In wantonneſs unlawful, and I anſwer for't.
So I may live a Baud to your looſe works ſtill,
In giving 'em firſt vent; not I, 'ſhall pardon me,
I'll ſee you honeſtly joyn'd, ere I releaſe you;
I will not truſt you for the laſt trick you plaid me;
here's your old Suiters.

Peppert. Now, we thank you Sir.

Weath My Almanack warns me from all Cuckoldly Conjunctions.

Wid. Be but commander of your word now Sir,
And before all theſe Gentlemen, our Friends,
I'll make a worthy choice.

Sunſ. Flie not ye back now.

Mrs Low. I'll try thee once. I am married to another,
There's thy releaſe.

Sir Ol. Hoyda! there's a releaſe with a witneſs!
Thou'rt free ſweet wench.

Wid. Married to another!
Then in revenge to thee,
To vex thine eyes 'cauſe thou haſt mock'd my heart,
And with ſuch treachery repaid my love;
This is the Gentleman I embrace and chuſe.

Mrs Low. O torment to my blood, mine enemy!
None elſe to make thy choice of, but the man
From whence my ſhame took head!

Wid. 'Tis done to quit thee;
Thou that wrong'ſt womans love, her hate can fit thee.

Sir Ol. Brave wench y'faith! now thou haſt an honeſt Gentleman,
Rid of a ſwaggering knave, and there's an end on't.
A man of good parts, this t'other had nothing!
Life, married to another?

Sir

Sir Gilb. O brave raſcal with two wives!

Weath. Nay and our women be ſuch ſubtil Animals, I'll lay wait at the Carriers for a Countrey Chamber-maid, and live ſtill a Batchelor: When Wives are like Almanacks, we may have every year a new one, then I'll beſtow my money on 'em; in the mean time I'll give 'em over, and ne'r trouble my Almanack about 'em.

Sir Gilb. I come in a good time to ſee you hang'd Sir,
And that's my comfort. —— Now I'll tickle you Sir.

Mrs Low. You make me laugh indeed.

Sir Gilb. Sir you remember
How cunningly you choak'd me at the Banquet
With a fine bandy Letter.

Mrs Low. Your own fiſt Sir.

Sir Gilb. I'll read the Statute-Book to you now for't:
Turn to the Act in *Anno Iac primo*,
There lies a Halter for your Wind-pipe:

Mrs Low. Fie no.

Sir Ol. Faith but you'll finde it ſo Sir, an't be followed.

Weath. So ſays my Almanack, and he's a true man.
Look you; the thirteenth day work for the Hangman.

Mrs Low. The fourteenth day, make haſte, 'tis time you were there then.

Weath. How? is the Book ſo ſaucy to tell me ſo?

Bev. Sir I muſt tell you now, but without Gall,
The Law would hang you, if married to another:

Mrs Low. You can but put me to my Book, ſweet Brother,
And I've my Neck-verſe perfect, here and here.

Heaven

Heaven give thee eternal joy, my dear ſweet Brother.

All. Who's here?

Sir Gilb. O Devil, her ſelf? did ſhe betray me.
A pox of ſhame, nine Coaches ſhall not ſtay me

Exit Sir Gilbert.

Bev. I've two ſuch deep healths in two joys to pledge,
Heaven keep me from a ſurfeit.

Sir Ol. Miſtreſs *Low water*!
Is ſhe the jealous Cuckold, all this quoils about?
And my right worſhipful Serving-man, is it you Sir?

Mr Low. A poor wrong'd Gentleman, glad to ſerve for his own Sir.

Sir Ol. By my faith y'have ſerv'd the Widow a fine trick between you.

Mrs Low. No more my enemy now, my Brothers wife,
And my kinde Sifter.

Sir Ol. There's no ſtarting now from't:
'Tis her own Brother, did not you know that?

Wid. 'Twas never told me yet.

Sir Ol. I thought you'd known't.

Mrs Low. What matter is't, 'tis the ſame man was choſe ſtill,
No worſe now then he was, I'm bound to love you,
Y'have examin'd in this a double charity,
Which to your praiſe, ſhall to all times be known,
Advanc'd my Brother, and reſtor'd mine own,
Nay, ſomewhat for my wrongs. like a good ſifter,
For well you know the tedious ſuit did coſt,
Much pains and fees, I thank you, 'tis not loſt:
You wiſh'd for love, and faith I have beſtow'd you
Upon a Gentleman that does deerly love you.
That recompence I've made you; and you muſt think Madam

I lov'd you well, (though I could never eaſe you)
When I fetcht in my Brother thus to pleaſe you.

Sir Ol Here's unity for ever ſtrangely wrought.

Wid. I ſee too late there is a heavy judgment
Keeps company with Extortion, and foul deeds;
And like a wind which Vengeance has in chaſe,
Drives back the wrongs into the Injurers face.
My puniſhment is gentle, and to ſhew
My thankful minde for't, thus I'll revenge this,
With an embracement here, and here a kiſs.

Sir Ol. Why now the Bells they go trim, they go trim;
I wiſh'd thee Sir ſome unexpected bleſſing
For my Wives ranſom, and 'tis fain upon thee.

Weath A pox of this, my Almanack ne'r gull'd me till this hour, the thirteenth day work for the hangman, and there's nothing toward it; I'd been a fine aſs, if I'd given twelve-pence for a horſe to have rid to Tyburn to morrow. — But now I ſee the error, 'tis falſe figured, it ſhould be thirteen days and a half, work for the hangman; for he ne'r works under thirteen-pence half-penny: —Beſide, *Venus* being a ſpot in the ſuns garment, ſhows there ſhould be a woman found in Hoſe and Doublet.

Sir Ol. Nay faith ſweet wife, we'll make no more hours on't now, 'tis as fine a contracting time, as ever came amongſt Gentle-folks. Son *Philip*, Maſter *Sandfield*, come to the book here:

Phil Now I'm wak'd
Into a thouſand miſeries and their torments.

Sav. And I come after you Sir, drawn with wilde horſes; there will be a brave ſhow on's anon, if this weather continue.

Sir Ol. Come wenches; where be theſe yong Gentmens hands now?

Moth. Poor Gentleman my ſon, ſome other time Sir.

Sir

Sir Ol. I'll have't now y'faith wife.
Wid. What are you making here?
Sir Ol. I have ſworn, ſweet Madam,
My ſon ſhall marry Mr *Sunſets* daughter,
And Mr *Sandfield* mine.
Wid. So you go well Sir,
But what make you this way then?
Sir Ol. This! for my ſon.
Wid. O back Sir, back! this is no way for him.
Sunſ. Sir Ol. How?
Wid. O let me break an oath, to ſave two ſouls,
Leſt I ſhould wake another judgment greater;
You come not here for him Sir.
Sir Ol. What's the matter?
Wid. Either give me free leave to make this match,
Or I'll forbid the Banes.
Sir Ol. Good Madam take it.
Wid. Here Mr *Sandfield* then.
Sir Ol. Cuds Bodkins!
Wid. Take you this Maid.
Sandf. You could not pleaſe me better, Madam.
Sir Ol. Hoyda! is this your hot love to my daughter Sir?
Wid. Come hither *Philip*, here's a wife for you.
Sir Ol. Zunes, he ſhall ne'r do that, marry his Siſter!
Wid. Had he been rul'd by you, he had married her,
But now he marries Mr *Sunſets* daughter,
And Mr *Sandfield* yours, I've ſav'd your oath Sir.
Phil. O may this bleſſing hold!
Sav. Or elſe all the liquor runs out.
Sir Ol What Riddle's this Madam?
Wid. A Riddle of ſome fourteen years of age now.

You can remember Madam, that your daughter
Was put to nurſe to Mr *Sunſets* wife.

Moth. True! that we talk'd on lately.

Sir Ol. I grant that Madam.

Wid. Then you ſhall grant what follows: At that time
You likewiſe know old Mr *Sunſet* here
Grew backward in the world, till his laſt fortunes
Rais'd him to this eſtate.

Sir Ol. Still this we know too.

Wid. His wife then Nurſe, both to her own and yours,
And both ſo young, of equal years, and daughters;
Fearing the extremity of her fortunes then,
Should fall upon her Infant; to prevent it,
She chang'd the children, kept your daughter with her,
And ſent her own to you for better fortunes:
So long enjoyn'd by ſolemn oath unto't,
Upon her death bed, I have conceal'd this,
But now ſo urg'd here's yours, and this is his.

Say. Hoop! the joy is come of our ſide.

Wrath. Hay. I'll caſt mine Almanack to the Moon too and ſtrike out a new one for next year.

Phil. It wants expreſſion, this miraculous bleſſing.

Say. Me thinks I could ſpring up, and knock my head againſt yon Silver-ſeeling now for joy.

Wrath. By my faith, but I do not mean to follow you there, ſo I may daſh out my Brains againſt *Charls* Wain, and come down as wiſe as a Carman.

Sir Ol. I never wondred yet with greater pleaſure.

Moth. What tears have I beſtow'd on a loſt daughter,
And left her behinde me.

Wid. This is *Grace*,
This *Jane*: Now each has her right name and place.

Sunſ.

Sunf. I never heard of this.
Wid. I'll ſwear you did not Sir.
Sir Ol. How well I have kept mine oath againſt my will;
Clap hands, and joy go with you.—Well ſaid Boys!
Phil: How art thou bleſt from ſhame, and I from ruine:
Sav. I, from the Bakers Ditch, if I'd ſeen you in.
Phil. Not poſſible the whole world to match again,
Such grief, ſuch joy, in minutes loſt and won.
Bev. Who ever knew more happineſs in leſs compaſs?
Ne'r was poor Gentleman ſo bound to a Siſter,
As I am, for the weakneſs of thy minde;
Not onely that thy due, but all our wealth
Shall lie as open as the Sun to man,
For thy employments; ſo the charity
Of this dear Boſom bids me tell thee now.
Mrs Low. I am her ſervant for't.
Wid. Hah worthy Siſter!
The government of all, I bleſs thee with.
Bev. Come Gentlemen, on all perpetual Friendſhip.
Heaven ſtill relieves, what Miſery would deſtroy,
Never was night yet of more general Joy.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Now let me see what weather shall we have now;
Hold fair now, and I care not. —— *Mass Full*
Moon too,
Just between five and six this Afternoon:
This happens right, the skie for the best part clear,
Save here and there a Cloud or two dispers'd.
That's some dozen of Panders, and half a score Pick-
Pockets,
You may know them by their whistle,
And they do well to use that while they may;
For Tyburn *craks the Pipe, and spoils the Musick.*
What says the destiny of the hour this Evening,
Hah, fear no colours by my troth agreed then,
The red and white looks chearfully: For know ye all,
The Planet's Jupiter, *you should be jovial;*
There's nothing lets it, but the Sun i'th' Dog;
Some bark in corners that will fawn and cog.
Glad of my fragments for their Ember-week,
The Signs in Gemini *too, both hands should meet;*
There should be noise i'th' Air, if all things hap,
Though I love Thunder, when you make the clap.
Some faults perhaps have slipt, I am to answer;
And if in any thing, your revenge appears,
Send me in, with all your fists about mine ears.

FINIS.

Courteous Reader, these Books following are printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the *Princes Armes* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard.

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